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A Student Revolution

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Vol. CXX, No. 3115

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Wednesday, March 18, 1925

You Nordics!

by Konrad Bercovici



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by John A. Hobson

Prehistoric France

by Ida Treat

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*by John L. Lewis
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*Gagging the Press in Italy
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The Nation

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EMORY BUCKNER, the new United States District Attorney in the New York district, has given the liquor business such a jolt as it had not had since the prohibition laws went into effect. He sent four of his young men out on Broadway for four nights, in the course of which they bought liquor in fourteen restaurants (and were refused it at two), and collected evidence sufficient to start injunction proceedings to padlock the fourteen restaurants for six months. Mr. Buckner intends to proceed by this method, and it should prove vastly more effective than the old system of fining waiters and bartenders from \$25 to \$250 each. It strikes at the employer instead of the employee; and, by throwing valuable real estate into unprofitable idleness for six-month periods, it may tend to make the property-owners volunteer prohibition agents, interested in seeing that the law is enforced on their own premises. It has another obvious advantage; whereas every jury trial consumes at least one or two days, ten or fifteen injunction cases may be cleared up by a judge in a single day. The federal courts are now so clogged with cases that, Mr. Buckner calculates, with the judges now available it would take ten years to clear the present calendar, and if all complaints were followed up they would fall another year behind every two days.

"PROHIBITION BY PADLOCK," however, has its disadvantages as well. It is, like all injunctions, something in the nature of a legal lynching. It gets things done,

but without waiting for the normal processes of the law. The excuse, of course, is that the old system has broken down and will not work. That seems to be true. Mr. Buckner's analysis of the "appalling paralysis of the federal courts" is overwhelming and convincing. And his method of enforcement by injunction has, in one case at least, been affirmed by the State Court of Appeals; he is no Dawes urging defiance of the laws when they stand in his way. But friends of the old Anglo-Saxon principles who believe that a man has a right to be tried by his peers must feel doubts of this new extension of judge-made law. There is this to comfort them; the injunction when applied to labor is recognized as tyranny only by a select minority; if the courts begin to use the weapon indiscriminately, against property as well as against mere workers, there will be new faces in the ranks of the fighters for civil liberties. Meanwhile the federal Government still faces the larger problem of stopping the liquor leakage at the source.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S SUGGESTIONS to Senator Walsh that the Democratic National Committee function continuously, that a national conference of Democrats be held at an early date, and that the party return to first principles, are all worth while. We should like to see them tried in an effort to transfuse a little blood into a dying organization, for it might well mean a flicker of life. But, as we have repeatedly pointed out, to revive the Democratic Party as the party of liberal ideas and progress seems to us a hopeless task because of its putting us into the war (when liberalism strikes hands with war it almost invariably commits suicide—witness the fate of the Liberal Party in England); because it is owned by the same big business elements that own the Republican Party (witness Woodrow Wilson in one utterance after another); and because, in our judgment, it is impossible to reconcile the elements which now go to make up the party—the progressive Westerners, the conservative anti-Catholic South, and the Catholic Irish-American voters in our Northern cities. We are glad, we repeat, that one more effort will be made to perform the impossible. Perhaps when it is at an end such valuable men as Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Walsh will see the hopelessness of further experimentation with the Democracy and will join in the organization of a new and idealistic liberal party.

GENERAL DAWES'S ATTACK on the Senate's rules of procedure was marked by his usual lack of tact and eccentric mannerisms. His method and tone have probably ended any possibility of the reforms he championed. In some degree his criticisms were justified; the Senate does on occasion need to speed up its proceedings. But the best way to accomplish that would be to create within the Senate a public opinion to compress debate into briefer limits. If it comes to a question of legislative action to restrict debate in the Senate, we are opposed to it. Under the rules of the House of Representatives its debates have become negligible; largely because of those rules the House is without the prestige or the influence it ought to

have. The man in the street, familiar with the names of many Senators, thinks himself wise if he knows the names of as many as three Congressmen. The most amusing part of this whole campaign is that it comes from men who were bitterly outraged last summer at the so-called attack upon the sanctity of the Supreme Court embodied in the La Follette platform. Now they are joining in an attack upon the Senate which might easily deprive it of the very privileges which make it the kind of public body which the founders wanted it to be. The real inwardness of the situation is that machine politicians and would-be business autocrats of the Dawes type are angry because of the independence and courage, the integrity and frank speaking developed by the liberals in the Senate.

IF FRANCE SUCCEEDS in excluding Germany from the proposed security pact and persuades Great Britain to conclude a military alliance, Europe will once again have turned from arbitration to force. The Geneva protocol, for better or for worse, is dead. The two plans now uppermost in European councils are a five-Power arbitration pact and the old Anglo-French military alliance. Against the latter Mr. MacDonald has protested:

Suppose we soothe the fears of France by the drug of a military pact. For the moment they may be allayed, but will only wake again on deteriorated nerves when France discovers she is still insecure. A pact removes no menacing German activities, it eliminates none of the causes of war, it discourages neither side from policies that may defy all attempts to keep peace.

Austen Chamberlain seems to see this in a lukewarm sort of way and has urged M. Herriot to include Germany. Germany wants to be included; she is ready to recognize the Western boundary and to pledge herself to make no attempt to regain Alsace-Lorraine now or in the future. In return she asks the Allies to evacuate Cologne and the Rhineland. With regard to the Eastern frontier Germany reserves the right of arbitration with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. France fears this reservation, recognizing that it is directed against the permanency of the Danzig corridor. But, as Mr. Garvin writes in the *London Observer*:

There is no security in the eternal sanctity of *status quo* for Great Britain, nor for France, nor for Poland. . . . Poland is offered a stronger safeguard of no change except by agreement. Is the answer to that to be no change except by force?

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER from R. D. Waugh, the Canadian who served for three and a half years on the League's Saar Commission, casts a flare of light upon the miseries of the Saarlanders. They have complained annually to the League, but the League, answering them with sweet words, has left them as they were; it is in the House of Commons that this new rocket has burst. When Austen Chamberlain made a bargain with the French, agreeing to permit the notorious M. Rault, French chairman of the Saar Commission, to continue in office, someone in England "leaked." The *New York World's* London correspondent cables the text of a confidential memorandum prepared by Mr. Waugh, who is now back in government service in Manitoba. He confirms, as *The Nation* has charged, that the Saar Commission reports not to the League, but to the French Foreign Office; that it has acted "without regard to the terms of the treaty or the rights of

the inhabitants of the territory," making decisions in a "dangerously exasperating" and "grossly unjust" fashion. Mr. Waugh concludes that "the Saar is one of the danger spots of Europe" and "the prize is big enough to cause a lot of trouble." France is, indeed, doing her best to win the coal mines of the Saar by hook or by crook. Step by step she has installed French troops, denied free speech, refused even local self-government, introduced French coinage, set up bars upon trade with Germany, and even forced German children to attend French schools. Will the row in the Commons force the League to do its job?

PAXTON HIBBEN has won at least a partial victory in his fight for the right of a man to be in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the army and at the same time to hold any political and economic views which his intelligence and his conscience commend to him. Our readers will recall that a persistent effort to hound Captain Hibben out of the army culminated in an investigation in New York City last year which was to produce a report on whether his commission ought to be renewed. Much testimony failed to establish anything more damaging to Captain Hibben than that he differed with the Department of State in regard to our Russian policy. No formal action has been taken yet by the War Department on the report rendered by the investigators, nor has their judgment has been made public, but the probability that the case may be dropped is suggested by the fact that when Captain Hibben's commission expired last month it was renewed without comment. About the same time also the *Boston Transcript* printed a retraction of the abuse of Captain Hibben which it had allowed to appear in its columns in a series of articles a couple of years ago on American "Reds." In consequence Captain Hibben called off his suit against the *Transcript* for libel. All this is gratifying, especially as Captain Hibben made no effort to conceal or shade his opinions at the time of the investigation last year, saying:

Should you decide that a reserve officer cannot hold "radical" beliefs of the kind I have here set forth, and express them freely, and at the same time hold himself in readiness to serve his country in time of need as an officer in his country's army, then I must give up my commission in any case.

GOOD MEN will not be encouraged to enter or remain in federal employ by the experience of W. T. Lopp, who after thirty-five years of devoted service in Alaska was dismissed without charges upon four days' notice. Beginning as a teacher, Mr. Lopp's usefulness gradually expanded until in 1910 he was put at the head of the work of the United States Bureau of Education in our northern territory. He was a steadfast friend of the Eskimos, and was especially active in getting them to develop their reindeer herds, which from the nucleus introduced by Sheldon Jackson have increased to about 300,000 animals and are an essential food supply. As the surest means of preserving this food supply for the natives, Mr. Lopp worked to induce the Eskimos to retain their ownership of the reindeer herds, thus not improbably incurring the hostility of a powerful syndicate which has lately been trying to buy them. Some objection to Mr. Lopp may have been voiced to President Harding's party, therefore, when it was in Alaska in 1923. Anyhow, "Teapot Dome Fall," then Secretary of the Interior, needed places for his friends, and one of them who had

never seen Alaska was sent from New Mexico to supersede Mr. Lopp in a work to which the latter had given his life. Mr. Lopp, who was not under the protection of the civil service, was relegated to a subordinate capacity, and finally dismissed last January. Mr. Lopp was in no sense a radical; he was devoted to his job and did not play politics of any kind. It is therefore especially shameful that a political intrigue should be permitted to discredit him after years of service which have brought him honor all over Alaska.

FREEDOM IS STILL A DELICATE PLANT, but it was encouraging to see a great New York audience rise to cheer Charles A. Beard after a brilliant address in behalf of the elder American tradition, at a luncheon of protest against the State Department's gag on Michael Karolyi. (*The Nation* will have the privilege of printing that speech in an early number.) Two nights later another New York audience listened while a series of speakers representing Italy, Spain, India, Ireland, Hungary, and Germany spoke, each believing that in his country oppression was at its worst. Finally came the turn of Russia, and the Communists in the audience who had cheered abuse of repression in capitalist countries made it clear that they did not believe in free speech, even in America, for those who would speak against the methods of dictatorship in Russia. They listened, with interruptions, to Roger Baldwin's admirably fair-minded statement of the situation, but when B. Charney Vladeck, hated by them for the anti-soviet policy of his paper, the *Jewish Daily Forward*, started to speak, they broke in with a chorus of organized booing. Vladeck could not be heard. It was a disgraceful exhibition, the popular effect of which is sure to be to increase distrust of anyone or anything connected with Russia.

IT IS NOT YET against the law to vote for someone other than a Republican for President, but it is apparently illegal to take another candidate so seriously that you are unable to jump on the bandwagon of the victor the day after election like a "good sport." William Gardner, who lives in Iowa, not only supported Senator La Follette last autumn but, in spite of the mandate of the majority on Election Day, he could not convince himself that four years of Calvin Coolidge was going to be an unmixed blessing to the country. So on Inauguration Day he displayed the flag in his yard at half-mast draped with a piece of crepe, thinking that he lived in a country where it was permissible freely to express one's political likes and dislikes. He soon learned the contrary. Vigilant watchdogs of the American Legion had him arrested and he was fined \$100, possibly on the theory that a man is entitled to believe anything he pleases a little but that to believe it too strongly or too long is a public nuisance. It should be added that the citizens of the town from which comes this quaint story have named it Grundy Centre. It is all of that, we should say.

THEY ARE COMING BACK now from the South—from Florida, the Carolinas, and elsewhere. Some have been on visits of only a week or so; others have spent all winter. Railways and steamships are swamped to get them back just as they were to take them down, for no development in travel within recent years has been so striking as that to and from the South in winter, and traffic facilities have been far overrun by demand. Up to a few years ago nobody went South in winter except "society folks." For the aver-

age person of the North such a jaunt was like wearing spats or a monocle. The reputation of an earnest young business man or woman would not stand it; it suggested to the boss that his employee must have been playing the races or rifling the safe. Not so today. A number of years ago elderly people who had retired from work on small incomes discovered that they could spend the winter in the South as cheaply as in the North and much more agreeably. Gradually their children and other friends began to visit them there and the democratization of winter travel to the South was begun. Within the last year or so the idea has spread amazingly. Many a small-salaried worker who used to spend his savings for a two weeks' splurge at Atlantic City in August now hoards his dollars for a winter fling at Palm Beach. The family Ford tears up the sand of Florida as camping parties—tin-can tourists—cover the State. It is getting to be as much the thing to exhibit a fine tan in March as it used to be in September.

THUS THE WINTER VACATION is on the way to becoming as much of an institution in America as that of summer. The latter, it should be recalled, is not of great antiquity. The summer vacation for city folk has become general only within about the past twenty-five years. John D. Rockefeller was once quoted as saying that vacations were unnecessary and wasteful, but fortunately his opinion did not prevail. In Europe vacations are quite as commonly taken in winter as in summer, and there is much to be said in favor of such a custom in the United States. For many people the physical benefits are greater. Summer is a season when even the most closely confined workers spend a good deal of time out of doors. The days are long and the weather is such as to call one as much as possible into the open air. In winter, on the other hand, when city streets are cold or slushy, when days are short and sunless, the average person spends no more time out of doors than he has to. He is always resolving to take long walks in the health-giving January air, but he usually puts it off until April. Then, too, the popularization of the winter vacation is likely to do a great deal for the development of the South and a better understanding and appreciation of it by Northern people. The "abandoned farms" of New England have to a large extent been reclaimed in consequence of the coming of the summer vacationist. So, too, thousands of dollars of Northern capital have recently been invested in Florida. We are all for the winter vacation—though, come to think of it, we are strong for one in summer too.

THEODORE STANTON, who died in New Jersey the other day at the age of seventy-four, had served *The Nation* as correspondent and reviewer since the days of Godkin and Garrison. Most of his life was spent in Paris, where he went after receiving a degree from Cornell, and it was as an interpreter of American literature to Europe that he performed his most interesting function in letters. He edited a manual of American literature for the Tauchnitz Edition, and for ten years he conducted a literary department in the *Mercure de France* devoted to the United States. As the son of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a library in whose honor he was about to open at Rutgers College when he died, he was deeply concerned in the cause of woman suffrage. As a spokesman for two literatures and as a seasoned critic he was a valuable citizen in the world of letters, and *The Nation*, in company with other periodicals, will miss him.

What Is Literary Authority?

MRS. MARY AUSTIN complained in *The Nation* a few weeks ago that literary criticism in America today lacks the note of authority. That is true. The past decade has seen a remarkable growth in the quantity of criticism called for and produced in the United States. Not only in New York have a dozen fresh vehicles been created for the discussion of books—departments in daily papers, weekly supplements to other papers, and weekly or monthly magazines devoted entirely to literature. In other cities, some of which are by no means centers of population, newspapers have installed "book pages" and summoned instructors from nearby colleges to edit them. There is a popular demand for literary opinion which fifteen years ago nobody would have been able to predict; and any New York editor knows that the aspiring writers who flock to the metropolis now almost invariably wish to write book reviews. They have been told that reviewing does not pay very well, but they must make some kind of start; and so they announce their readiness to "handle anything in belles lettres, with occasionally something in history, or travel, or philosophy that is not too technical. No economics, please, or science."

In so far as all this makes for an immature criticism, it is, of course, unfortunate. Mrs. Austin must have spoken for others as well as for herself when she decried the absence of "specialized opinion," "secure documentation," and "impersonal standards of excellence." She certainly spoke for one of the deans of American criticism, Mr. W. C. Brownell, when she said that a serious and sincere book these days "is, likely as not, reviewed by a young cub of twenty-three just out of college, or an equally immature Jew, born in a ghetto and raised on the East Side, who has to translate his thinking into English before putting it on paper." For Mr. Brownell has recently expressed concern over the fact that the habit of signing contributions to newspapers and magazines means the airing in most cases of insignificant names. "The newspapers have considerably ceased to be anonymous," says Mr. Brownell, "and the loss of the paper's authority as an institution . . . is not counter-balanced by any authority in the writers, who . . . are often unknown. As, by the way, are half the signing reviewers of even standard books by writers of distinction." The interesting word here is "authority." Others too find it lacking in American criticism. Others ask which reviewers out of the uncountable mass they shall believe. And some, perhaps including *The Nation* in their censure, point to a better past in which, they say, critics were both few and expert.

What kind of authority is it ever reasonable to expect? We can at least demand that the critic be informed. If the book under discussion be a scientific treatise, it goes without saying that the critic should be a competent scientist himself, one who has performed experiments, collected facts, and above all acquainted himself with the past literature of the subject. With no lesser equipment will he be able to say to what extent the material at hand is new or true or important. So with history. So with biography. And so even with works of imagination; for here the reader of the criticism has the right to require that the critic be deeply read in poetry or fiction or drama—not to speak of aesthetics—before he venture to say that a poem or a novel or a

play is original and excellent. Ignorance of this sort is always contemptible, and unfortunately there is a great deal of it to be detected in current reviews. No statistics are available, but one may guess that as many as five hundred reviews are printed in the United States every week and one must suspect that only a few dozen of them are signed by competent specialists. Small wonder that Mr. Brownell has had frequent occasion to lament injustice done to a book representing traditions which the untutored writers of this generation know nothing about; or that Mrs. Austin has been angered when a book announcing radically new points of view has been received with equally untutored skepticism.

Once we are off this ground, however, the rest is debatable. Mere information does not make a critic. There is his temperament to consider, and his principles, and his age. All the reading in the world could not save Dr. Johnson from being something of a fool when he came to discuss Milton, Swift, Fielding, and Gray. He was wrong about them all, for he atrociously undervalued them; and yet he was a great critic. A very considerable equipment, on the other hand, could not save Matthew Arnold from undervaluing the very authors whom Dr. Johnson properly praised—Dryden, for instance, and Pope; and Matthew Arnold, too, was a great critic. In the last analysis there simply is no test by which a given person can be declared a perfect, unalterable authority upon anything. The young men may be wiser than the authorities who taught them. Even in science, even in mathematics, principles differ and temperaments clash. Who is the final authority today in celestial mechanics? An investigation a year ago of instructors' marks in college mathematics revealed discrepancies of as much as 30 per cent among the marks given to the same test paper.

When we come to contemporary literary criticism a new factor enters. We have a living and developing literature to criticize. Precisely that is the reason for the great new popular interest in books of all kinds, for the restlessness and the desire for expression which drives young writers by the hundred to New York, for the confusion which is to be found in the judgments delivered every week upon new books. In a remarkable number of cases these books are really new. They come out of no easily traceable tradition; their energy is disconcerting because strange; they reduce all but the wisest critics to incoherence. One kind of authoritarian—the kind who is most likely to object to "uncritical" acceptance of unpalatable literature—would say that authority struggles on in the minds of those older men who could easily prove that no good book had appeared on this side of the Atlantic since Howells was in his prime. Another very modern kind would say that it springs new-born from the pages of little reviews devoted to principles of aesthetics undreamed of before, say, May 13, 1913. *The Nation* does not intend to forget that American literature is three hundred years old, and it is proudly aware of the fact that American literature in the twentieth century is experimental and highly promising. It hopes never to kill a new Keats and never to hail a new nonentity. Beyond that it believes that the main function of the critic is to assist the best books to take care of themselves.

A Student Revolution

THE usual docility of the American student makes his occasional revolts more interesting, and the recent strike of three-fourths of the student body at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, is doubly significant as a revelation of a new self-respect and independence among American college students, white or black; and because this, perhaps our most effective student strike, occurred in a university for Negro students.

Fisk University was one of the mission schools founded after the Civil War by generous-spirited white Northerners, and still bears many of the marks of that period of friendly tutelage. It has attained distinction in many ways—for its musical training, which has recently borne its perfect fruit in Roland Hayes; for its academic standards, which have given it the rating of the best white colleges; and for its ability to get on with its white neighbors in the South. Recently, when Fisk raised a million-dollar endowment, white Nashville pledged \$50,000 toward its debt. And now a mild revolution has broken out at Fisk. Last June, before the Fisk alumni, Dr. DuBois, the militant editor of the *Crisis*, himself a graduate of Fisk, vigorously attacked the regimentation of the students there, as also the concessions made to the white South. In November, after a riotous beating upon tin pans, a student committee waited upon the board of trustees and presented a long list of grievances—asking fewer rules, freer social life, and more student activities. There was scant change in the rules or in the atmosphere, and in February the students indulged in another tin-pan riot, culminating in the breaking of several windows. Before the demonstration was over, the white president of Fisk, aroused by this indiscipline, called upon the city police. They came eighty strong, armed with riot guns, and they invaded the boys' dormitory, smashed down doors, and arrested several student leaders from a list whose names the president had furnished them. Some of the boys named had been far from the campus when the riot occurred; they were the members of the committee that had waited upon the trustees, and the president laid a charge of "inciting to riot," later changed to "disorderly conduct," against them, without investigation, without any knowledge (as he himself testified) whether they had even taken part in the disturbance. To call out armed police against college boys anywhere is almost sure to be panicky action; to call them out against colored boys in a Southern city was to run the ghastly danger of a race riot.

The next day the students struck. Three-quarters of the student body deserted their classes; many of them went home; a hundred and fifty applied for admission to another college. The local press of course denounced them; the president brought pressure upon their parents to send them back; they were told that unless they yielded white Nashville would withdraw its pledge to their alma mater. Some of them have returned; others will remain away. The board of trustees have supported the president; and the students are left in the air.

President McKenzie apparently conducted Fisk as an old-fashioned, rigid-ruled boarding school. Boys and girls could not walk together on the campus or off it; the boys were not allowed to smoke and the girls were required to wear uniform black dresses and cotton stockings; all lights

went out at ten; fraternities were prohibited and autonomous student organizations discouraged. But the interest in the Fisk story does not lie in such details. It lies in the larger meaning of the revolt. When Fisk began, when the Negro was obviously in tutelage, such rules seemed natural. The oncoming generation, black as well as white, will not tolerate such petty dictation. Behind the rules was, originally, a desire to encourage economy and simplicity, but simplicity can hardly take deep root where it is made compulsory. Discipline is worse than license if its result is to create an irrepressible longing for the things prohibited. The young Negro has come of age and has a new self-respect; he asks in his colleges the same kind of social revolution as has taken place quietly in the white colleges.

Unfortunately the race question has become involved at Fisk as well as the problem of academic discipline. To white Nashville the student revolt is a Negro uprising. To black Nashville President McKenzie has become a symbol of white domination. He seems, in an earnest effort to promote interracial good-will, to have lost contact with the race for which he was working. Many friends of Fisk feel that to lose Nashville's money would mean less than for the university to lose its soul as an institution dedicated to the higher education of the Negro. Higher education requires a freedom of the spirit which Fisk today seems to lack.

The Inaugural

WE HAVE HAD another Presidential message, and somehow we are reminded of Henry David Thoreau's tired comment three-quarters of a century ago:

I do not so much regret the present condition of things as I do that I ever heard of it. I know one or two who have this year for the first time read a President's message; but they do not see that this implies a fall in themselves rather than a rise in the President. Blessed were the days before you read a President's message. Blessed are the young, for they do not read the President's message. Blessed are they who never read a newspaper, for they shall see Nature, and, through her, God.

Being but journalists we have had to read Calvin Coolidge's inaugural for our sins. Here are old muttons spread before us: preparedness and peace; the woes of the over-taxed rich; the need of economy; the necessity of ever being good, loyal, and zealous Republicans, untainted by rebellion against the party yoke and party discipline; and platitudes without end—Heaven save the mark.

Gems there are in these words of the Vermont farmer; the godhead of property is thus revealed:

It is not property, but the right to hold property, both great and small, which our Constitution guarantees. All owners of property are charged with a service. These rights and duties have been revealed, through the conscience of society, to have a divine sanction.

I am opposed to extremely high [tax] rates, because they yield little or no revenue, because they are bad for the country, and, finally, because they are wrong. . . . These questions involve moral issues.

"Fiat lux, fiat justitia." Who can deny after this the utter incorrigibility, the total perversity of high rates—because they are wrong!

But this is not the best—nor the worst:

We have never practiced the policy of competitive armaments. We have recently committed ourselves by

covenants with the other great nations to a limitation of our sea power. As one result of this, *our navy ranks larger in comparison than it ever did before.*

We made freedom a birthright. We extended our domain over distant islands in order to *safeguard our own interests* and accepted the consequent obligations to bestow justice and liberty upon less favored people.

Here is light with a vengeance. We took the Philippines to safeguard ourselves, and Porto Rico and Panama and Haiti and Santo Domingo and all the rest as well, and then we conferred justice and liberty upon them—liberty, in some cases, to serve under Marine Corps masters.

After that we are quite prepared to learn that "economy is idealism in its most practical form," though we confess that until we reached that sentence we were in doubt as to whether that idealism was the untaxing of the rich or the "divine sanction" of property.

In all seriousness it is well for the White House that Americans have forgotten how to laugh at the utterances of their public men. Yet we give thanks that it was no worse. At least, Mr. Coolidge's utter lack of aggressiveness emboldens one to hope that the period of intense class government we are now in for will be less intense and less assertive than would be the case with a different personality in the White House. For President Coolidge and for us all we devoutly hope for four years of the peace and prosperity he so ardently desires—with the steady political progress that we so ardently desire as well.

A Revival Theater

WHY not a revival theater? We have seen such remarkable developments in the theatrical world these last few years, such great strides toward free and independent theaters, both small and large, so many steps in the direction of stock companies that there is no reason why the question of a theater devoted to the producing of the masterpieces of earlier days and the more valuable plays of latter years should not now be a subject for discussion. Why should each oncoming generation of playgoers be denied the best plays shown during the youth of the elder group? If anything, the life of a playgoing generation is shorter than that of the ordinary mass of people. We can give to the newcomers the great written words of all ages; we can and do play for them the works of Haydn, Beethoven, and all their successors. But it is rare, indeed, outside of the Shakespeare drama, for us to give them a living representation of the great old plays.

Naturally, the commercial producer is quick to declare that it cannot be done for financial reasons. A play has had its day and, therefore, he says, a revival is out of the question. Times change, fashions alter, he avers, forgetting that a really worth-while play never loses its power or its charm, that some of the most successful plays of recent years have been given a mid-Victorian setting, forgetting the oncoming hordes of theatergoers who have never even heard of Augustin Daly or of still earlier days of the American stage. To say that the passage of time has destroyed the interest of the best work of Henry Arthur Jones or of Pinero, or such typical and admirable American plays as William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide" or Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" would be to assert that they were untrue to life or that they depended for their success upon unusual acting or some temporary fad or contemporary allusions. That

is, of course, untrue of every work of merit and artistry—precisely as it is untrue of Shakespeare. The commercial producer usually shies at the very mention of a Shakespearean revival. Yet when true artists appear to act the chief parts—presto, Shakespeare, for all the managers' doubts, becomes once more a money-maker.

Of this Walter Hampden has given us proof in this theatrical season by playing "Othello" for a longer consecutive run than it had ever had before. More than that, his extraordinarily successful revival through two seasons of "Cyrano de Bergerac" demonstrates both the need and the possibility of the revival theater for which we are arguing. And so does the success this winter of Shaw's "Candida," of Congreve's "The Way of the World," Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," not to speak of a miniature performance of "Pinafore," of "Paolo and Francesca," and the promise of Congreve's "Love for Love." The Theater Guild is to open its new theater with a revival of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." If all of this does not indicate a demand not only for the classics but for the plays of yesteryear, what could?

One does not need to confess oneself in the sere and yellow leaf to conjure up plays that once stirred enthusiasms and could not fail to move a youth as surfeited with pleasures as today's. There is the whole gamut of Ibsen's plays; there is Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell"; there are the best of Clyde Fitch and Sardou and Pinero—is there anyone who saw "The Liars," "Sweet Lavender," "The Wife," "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Amazons," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "Captain Letterblair," "Madame Sans-Gêne" and "Lord Chumley," who would not rush to see them again?—with never fading memories of Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, and Georgia Cayvan, to say nothing of John Drew and Ada Rehan and the other lights of Daly's and of that charming little Lyceum Theater which was torn down to make way for the triumphal progress of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. And there is such a wealth of native American plays—the "Shoreacres" of James A. Herne, even "The Old Homestead" and "Rip Van Winkle," such as they were. If one desires the revival of "legitimate" melodrama, why, there are "The Two Orphans," "A Celebrated Case," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Great Ruby," the only melodrama which Augustin Daly brought over from the other side—a thriller indeed, which counted in its cast Ada Rehan, Charles Richman, Mrs. Gilbert, and Miss Marcia Dresser with her superb beauty. Here would be a feast with the S. R. O. sign out on many nights, we venture to predict. Who shall lead the way? The Theater Guild which will soon have two theaters at its disposal, or some public-spirited Maecenas?

We do not deny that the question of the necessary talent will count not a little. We are developing good actors rapidly and yet we are still far from where we ought to be, chiefly because of the same old failure to drill our novices as they are drilled abroad. Here the revival theater should help not a little, since it must by its very nature be a repertory theater with all that the name implies in the way of frequent changes of bills, and therefore of roles, and the absence of overshadowing stars. What else could such a theater be but a training school? But if we are wrong about that, let us have the old plays none the less. It is a debt we owe to the oncoming. Shall they not have their Sheridan and their Goldsmith, and their Congreve and their Wycherley, and the best of the moderns, too.

Prehistoric France

By IDA TREAT

Paris, February 15

WE were visiting the great cavern of Niaux in the French Pyrenees, known among archaeologists as the "cathedral of prehistoric art."

"Let me call your attention to the row of red dots on the wall here at our right." The speaker held his acetylene lamp high over his head while the visiting scientists trooped nearer. "You will observe that there are ten of them. Ten steps farther and we shall come to a second series, twelve in all; and if you measure off precisely twelve paces, you will find yourself at the entrance of the sanctuary of the bison!" Our guide, known throughout the region by the sobriquet of Cave-Man—*l'Homme-des-Cavernes*—strode off through the darkness, followed by his attentive flock. A few lingered, candle in hand, to examine the red traces on the limestone wall of the grotto. One little man, his chin swathed in a woolen muffler, and wearing a touring-club button on his coat-lapel, gave the spots an elaborate scrutiny. As we moved away I saw him stretch out a surreptitious forefinger, rub it hastily over the stone, and then examine it attentively in the light of his candle. "The paint comes off!" he announced importantly; and as he trotted ahead to join the rest of the party I heard him utter something about all this prehistoric business being nothing but a gigantic hoax.

A few moments later we stood in a vast rock chamber before the stretch of wall across which the painted black bison of Niaux pass in splendid pageant. An instant of respectful silence before those masterpieces of prehistoric art was broken at last by the enthusiastic voice of the excavator of the Dordogne caverns: "I would like to know what there is of primitive about that!" and the answering drawl of a Geneva professor: "I have always maintained that the Aurignacians and Magdalenians were not such primitive peoples as some of us seem to think." In the hum of conversation that followed I remembered the man with the touring-club button. He was standing, when I discovered him, before an admirable drawing of a stout little Przewalski horse. He had a crestfallen air, for he had just repeated the rubbing process, only to find that a glistening coating of calcium carbonate lay like a protecting varnish over the lines of the drawing. Satisfied that the pictured animals of Niaux were in no immediate danger from the



Wall painting (cave Font de Gaume), after Breuil

skeptical curiosity of that determined tourist, I wandered off to another quarter of the hall; but a few minutes later an indignant voice shouted, "Vandal!"—and there was the little man again, poking away with his cane at something on the floor of the cavern, while an irate archaeologist clung expostulating to his arm. In my own indignation at the sight, I came near being a vandal myself, and only the timely warning of a companion saved me from planting a firm foot on the outlines of an ox, cut by a fine tool in the clay bottom of the cave!

As our party wandered down the hill toward Tarascon a few hours later, I asked one of the "prehistorians" of the district if there was not real danger that the caverns of the Pyrenees might suffer irreparable harm at the hands of so many visitors. No steps had been taken to protect the mural paintings and a row of pebbles placed around floor-engravings offers scant protection against the feet of visitors in the dark. My companion shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "The Syndicats d'Initiative are our worst enemies at present," he told me. "They have just discovered that the prehistoric grottoes attract tourists to the region, so they are giving them wide publicity. More strangers have come to see the caverns this year than ever before. But there has been little attempt to guard the works of art from the vandalism of irresponsible visitors. The learned societies have done what they could, but

—it is the same old story—they have neither power nor, what is still more important, funds. The Government is slowly waking to the fact that France possesses works of art that antedate those of the Louvre. But in the meantime, many of these priceless records of the past have already been effaced. And in five years, or at most ten years, unless something is done, nothing will be left."

Judged by the number of discoveries that archaeologists have made in France during the past thirty years, France is today the capital of the prehistoric world. It has furnished flint implements of men who lived 100,000 years ago; bones of the man of Neanderthal together with his tools (40,000 years ago); and skeletons of the later races with their stone and bone industries and their marvelous mural and portable art—the two great civilizations of the later Stone Age—Aurignacian and Magdalenian (40,000 to 16,000 B.C.).

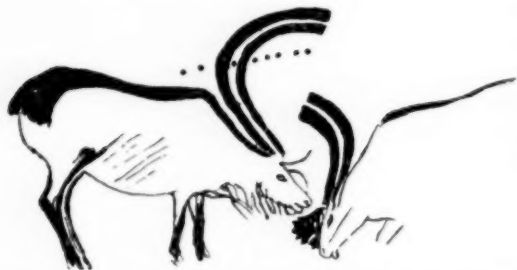
Today there are listed in France over one hundred caverns and rock-shelters that contain prehistoric paintings, engravings or sculptures, or that have yielded carved or engraved fragments of bone and stone. Fully a hundred more have furnished important examples of flint and bone industry as well as bones of quaternary animals. And the list is far from complete. Fresh discoveries are made every year. Two years ago it was the magnificent grotto of David in the Department of Lot—a grotto that contains dozens of animal paintings in red and black. The summer of 1923 saw the discovery of Montespan with its engravings and modeled clay figures. The south of France offers vast opportunities to the explorer. A few months ago, in a district barely five miles square, we found eight unexplored caverns, all but one of which contained prehistoric remains. The Dordogne region, centering about the mighty rock of Les



Wall engraving—Bison (cave of Marsoulas), after Breuil

Eyzies, is the best-known prehistoric district and has been the most thoroughly explored. That of the Pyrenees is vaster, less known, and the mural art of its caverns is better preserved, as the grottoes have been less frequently visited.

With the growing interest in prehistoric art—an art, by the way, whose aesthetic value is undeniable, judged even by the canons of art today—the conservation of grottoes that contain



Wall painting and engraving (cave of Font de Gaume), after Breuil

has become a problem of burning interest. Steps have been taken to preserve the caverns of the Dordogne district, but in the Pyrenees the situation is lamentable. As the gentleman assured me at Niaux, it is principally a question of funds, but there are other considerations. . . .

A few days after our excursion to Niaux our party visited the cave of Marsoulas at the little watering-place of Salies-du-Salat. It is a small grotto, barely a hundred feet long. The famous polychrome bisons are to be found on the left wall a dozen yards or so from the entrance. One might almost say "were to be found," for today they are but poor dimmed things compared to the brilliant drawings at Niaux. Undoubtedly time and exposure have done their work, but there is the greasy trace of countless hands over the colored surface and one bison is almost hidden under graffiti of all kinds. To be sure, there is an iron gate, the most impressive I have yet encountered, at the entrance of the grotto, but I was told at Salies that it is never closed and that casual visitors may wander in and out of its chambers at will.

Nearly every grotto contains the crumbling ruins of a gate and one hears many an amusing story as to their origin and decay. It took one town council nearly a year to vote the eighty francs required to erect a wooden barrier at the opening of one of the greatest caverns, and when at last the barrier was completed the lock was forced by a high state official who desired to visit the grotto, but was too indolent to send down to the village for the key. Needless to add, that particular lock was never repaired and the eighty francs may be considered wasted.

There is, however, a whole category of prehistoric caverns whose entrances are jealously locked and guarded—those that have been discovered on private property. The owner often tends to regard his cave not so much as a national asset as a god-sent opportunity of increasing his own revenues. Each new discovery means a fresh series of schemes and intrigues, which often prove more fatal to the grotto than the negligence of town councils. The mere fact that a cavern has been declared a public monument, subject to the faraway supervision of the Ministry of Beaux Arts or Instruction Publique, changes not a whit its actual control.

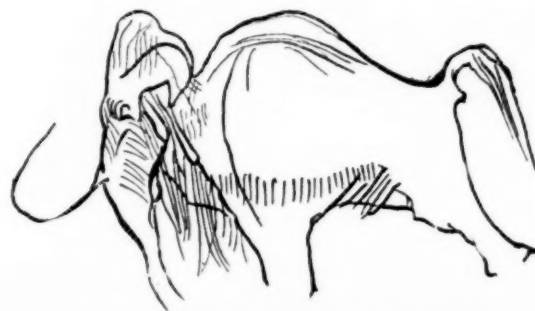
The cave which was recently discovered at Montespan with its clay statues and engravings is today closed to the public, supposedly to protect the prehistoric gallery until it can be "arranged" for visitors, but rumor has it that a

canny hotel-keeper (who is also guardian of the cave) bought up both entrances with the intention of annexing the grotto as an "attraction" for his establishment. As for the quality of his guardianship, when I visited Montespan a few weeks ago—which, by the way, is far from being the athletic feat popularly supposed—I found many marks of modern hob-nails among the Magdalenian finger-prints . . . a fact that bodes ill for the conservation of the soft clay floor with its curious traces of sculpture.

The grotto of Tuc d'Audoubert at Montesquieu, Ariège, offers an example, perhaps unique among all the caves of the Pyrenees, of enlightened custodianship. Located on the land of an archaeologist, it is always accessible to earnest visitors. However, no more than six or eight persons are permitted to enter the cave at a time, each group being carefully escorted—a necessary precaution in a spot so rich in relics of the prehistoric past that at every step one risks crushing a fragment of bone, effacing the claw-marks of the cave bear, or treading upon the hollow imprints of naked human heels, delicately precise under their coating of stalagmite.

"One of the best ways of preserving a prehistoric cavern is to make no effort to facilitate its access," the owner of Tuc d'Audoubert remarked with humor at the recent anthropological congress in Toulouse, when he advised only the more "agile" of the delegates to attempt the visit of the grotto. And Tuc d'Audoubert is still one of the most difficult grottos of the region; for though a judicious placing of iron bars and ladders has rendered certain passages less neck-breaking, one still must scramble on all fours through the mud and squeeze through holes barely large enough to admit a medium-sized body, before reaching the round chamber where two modeled clay bison recline in their almost eternal calm. . . .

What will be the fate of the prehistoric caves of the Pyrenees? The special meeting of the International Institute of Anthropology, held in Toulouse last July, represents an effort on the part of local archaeologists to stimulate international interest in the region—interest which until now has been directed rather exclusively toward Les Eyzies and the Dordogne district. Six nations sent distinguished representatives to that congress; those of the United States, however, were conspicuously lacking. It is to be hoped that the work undertaken by the International Institute of Anthropology will find an echo in countries where there is today a growing interest in the prehistory of Europe and the origin of European man, so that the time will come when men of science and not politicians and money-grabbers will have control of caves that contain treasures whose value can never be estimated and which, though located in France, belong nevertheless to the world.



Engraving on ivory, after Breuil

An Inter-Union Labor Struggle

[Will the entrance of labor into industry as an employer compel a reexamination of union policies? This is suggested by the controversy between John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and Warren S. Stone, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in regard to the Coal River Collieries, a company owned by Mr. Stone and other members of the brotherhood as individuals. In order that our readers might have the facts and principles involved, The Nation invited both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Stone to give their versions. A joint committee is now trying to draw up a program acceptable to both sides.]

A Union's Non-Union Mines

By JOHN L. LEWIS

THE astounding policy of Coal River Collieries in refusing to employ union miners at union wages is the outstanding scandal of the trade-union and industrial world. Coal River Collieries is a coal-producing company owned exclusively by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood, is chairman of the board of directors of Coal River Collieries, and as such he is responsible for the labor policy of the company. Mr. Stone insists upon acceptance by the miners of a rate of wages that would not only further impoverish those workers but would demoralize the entire coal industry. The United Mine Workers of America will not stand for any such thing.

In a joint conference of miners and operators from the central competitive field, composed of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, held in Jacksonville, Florida, in February, 1924, an agreement was reached which extended the then existing wage agreement until April 1, 1927. Immediately, Coal River Collieries, whose mines are in the non-union territory of southern West Virginia and northeastern Kentucky, joined with the non-union coal companies in an assault upon the Jacksonville agreement. Up to that time Coal River Collieries had employed union miners and paid the union scale in the West Virginia mines, but had operated its Kentucky mine non-union. The latter mine is still being operated non-union.

Mr. Stone, like other non-union operators, demanded that his employees take a reduction in wages. The United Mine Workers of America refused. Mr. Stone closed down his West Virginia mines rather than pay the union scale. He threw hundreds of men out of work, knowing that unemployment meant starvation and suffering for their families. Next, Coal River Collieries imported strike-breakers from the non-union fields of Virginia, Kentucky, and Alabama to take the places of the union miners. Then the union miners were evicted from their homes. Their families and belongings were thrown out upon the roadside or hillside in the dead of winter, with no place to go. One hundred and three families were thus evicted last month, when the weather in the West Virginia mountains was bitter cold. The company refuses to permit these union miners to work in its mines unless they accept the reduced scale of wages.

As a result of these evictions the United Mine Workers of America has been compelled to spend scores of thousands of dollars in building houses and barracks for these unfortunate families and in supplying them with food, clothing, fuel, medical attention, and other necessities. This union has paid the undertakers' bills for burying the children of

these men that have died since this thing happened.

The United Mine Workers of America has made not only repeated but continuous efforts to adjust this matter with Mr. Stone and his company, but it has met with the same identical refusals and opposition that it has many times experienced with cold-blooded, hard-boiled non-union coal companies.

There is no merit in Mr. Stone's statement that Coal River Collieries cannot pay the union scale. Other coal companies pay the union scale, many of them less fortunately situated than Coal River Collieries. Only non-union coal operators refuse to pay the union scale of wages. Efficient, business-like management and operation will enable any coal company easily to pay union wages and make money.

It is well, in this connection, to point out the recent action of the great non-union coal and coke companies of the Connellsville, Pa., field. That field is wholly unorganized. Following the nation-wide strike of 1922, however, in which these unorganized miners participated, these companies adopted practically the union scale of wages. During the year 1924 they cut the wages of their employees 30 to 50 per cent. Last month all of these independent companies announced that they would restore the old scale on January 1. In other words, they increased the wages 30 to 50 per cent, and this happened at a time when Coal River Collieries and other non-union companies were crying loudest for a reduction. These companies of the Connellsville field are active competitors of Coal River Collieries and other non-union companies for the sale of their coal in the open market. By their voluntary action in increasing wages they admitted that they could pay practically the union scale and compete for business. Coal River Collieries could do the same if it would.

It is extraordinary, indeed, that Mr. Stone, professing to be a trade unionist, casts aside the fundamental principles of trade unionism by refusing to negotiate a contract with the miners' union. He has discarded the principle of collective bargaining, upon which the entire structure of trade unionism rests, and has adopted the methods that have made non-union coal-fields a menace to organized labor for many years.

Mr. Stone's Side

IN response to an invitation from *The Nation* to explain his side of the controversy over the Coal River Collieries Company, Warren S. Stone, chairman of the board of directors, has forwarded some statements published in the *Right-o'-Way* (the newspaper of the stockholders) which indicate his position. In the November issue of the *Right-o'-Way* Mr. Stone has a signed statement in which he says:

On March 31, 1923, 35 per cent of the district tonnage was mined at union mines and 65 per cent at "open-shop" mines. This condition continued until April 1, 1924. There being no renewal of contracts on this date, all mines in the district producing coal from April 1 to October 18, 1924, were on the open-shop plan. One hundred and seventeen mines were operating on this basis on September 25, 1924.

From a percentage standpoint the district, on December 1, 1924, was divided as follows: 5.7 per cent union; 94.3 per cent open-shop. These percentages were arrived at by the published rating of the mines in the district. If southern West Virginia was considered as a whole, the union tonnage would amount to less than one-half of 1 per cent.

Previous to December 1, 1924, only one large mine and a few small mines were successful in making an agreement with the union, at a modification of the Jacksonville scale, which was of material benefit to the operators. No such concession was offered to us. It was "Sign the Jacksonville agreement with all that it demands or fight!" We put into effect the cooperative plan, the same as we have in our banks. The miners working on the property are stockholders in the property and share in its earnings. We feel sure there are no better satisfied men employed anywhere than in the Coal River Collieries.

The inconsistent position of the miners' union is best shown by the fact that their members are living in our houses since last April and have not paid one cent of rent. With but few exceptions they are ready and willing to work in our mines. The miners' officials refuse to let them do so, under penalty of expulsion, but they can work in the surrounding mines at the same rate or even for a lower rate, and this is approved or at least they have no action taken against them.

Prior to our opening up we requested the United Mine Workers to grant us some relief for a reasonable length of time. This they refused to do, so in order to protect the interests of our stockholders we deemed it necessary to get going.

In a signed statement in the *Right-o'-Way* for October Mr. Stone says:

Mines 3 and 4 were opened on a cooperative basis in the latter part of September, and recently the plan was

extended to the Warren S. Mine Number 2, which started operating November 10. This plan of operation will soon be put into effect at Mine Number 1. You are told by the propaganda being put out by the United Mine Workers that our plan is a failure and that we are not shipping any coal. We loaded and shipped over 350 cars of coal in the month of October.

The reports indicate that the employees are heartily in accord with the policy of the Coal River Collieries, and that they are taking stock in the company as soon as they become familiar with the plan of operation. Many of the men have taken as high as five shares of stock, and we feel it is only a matter of a short time when coal will be mined in abundance in the West Virginia field on the cooperative plan. Orders are pouring in every day; in fact, we have more orders on the books now than we can fill for the month of November.

There is no trouble of any kind existing between the company and the employees. The only trouble that has existed at any time was due to the work of professional agitators who were sent into the field to create trouble. The report that the company is employing strike-breakers is untrue—not a single man has been imported.

The report is being circulated that we are employing gunmen and thugs to beat up members of the United Mine Workers' Union. Not a single gunman has been employed; not a single thug has ever been employed by the Coal River Collieries Company; not a single man has been molested. The only report we have of any one being arrested was of a man who was arrested for violation of the prohibition laws, located somewhere near our camp. The mines are efficiently and economically managed, and complete harmony exists between the officials of the company and the employees.

You also read about the starvation wages that the miners are receiving and that they cannot live. What would some of our members think who are battling tonnage trains with the modern "freight hog" if they were to receive prices paid to these men who cannot live on these "starvation wages"? A check of the pay roll shows that machine operators average \$12.50 per day of eight hours; loaders, from \$9 to \$10.50 per day of eight hours; and as the entries are being driven in, this pay will be materially increased.

You Nordics!

(The Fourth Article of the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

IT is unfair to divide the world into Nordics and non-Nordics. It has never occurred to Jews, Gipsies, Ethiopians, Latins, Chinese, Indians, and a hundred other nations or races to band themselves together and proclaim their superiority. The Nordics made this division.

What entitles them to the cry of "better than thou"? The God the Nordics believe in is not one of their own creation. He is the modified Yahveh of the Hebrews. The prophet the Nordics believe in is not one born from their midst. They may paint Jesus of Nazareth with blue eyes and reddish blond beard, but He and Joseph and Mother Mary were not of Nordic origin. Christianity was brought to the Nordics on a silver platter, after the non-Nordics had proclaimed it and suffered for it.

In the hands of the Nordics Christianity has been robbed of its beauty and mysticism, and become transformed into a financial and social institution of oppression

and censure. It hardly bears any resemblance to the religion of Paul and Peter and the martyrs of Alexandria and Rome. Should the Savior now drive the merchants from in and around His temple the churches would be as empty as the caverns of the catacombs. We non-Nordics have given the Nordics their God, their prophet, and their religion.

Unable to create a God and formulate a religion of their own, have they laid the foundation of the sciences? Astronomy is based on the observations of the shepherd of Arabia and Mesopotamia. Chemistry and physics have the same non-Nordic origin. Mathematics, geometry, the division of weeks and months and years have the same non-Nordic origin as God, religion, and the prophets.

The Phoenicians were the finest architects and laid the foundations of navigation. Explosives were invented by the Chinese. Steel was discovered by the Damascene

Cannon were first used by Mohammed. Had it not been for the Egyptians and the Greeks, we would still call for the Shaman when ill. And because the secret died with the Egyptians we do not begin to know their varied embalming processes. Religion and science rest on foundations laid down by non-Nordics.

One of the virtues claimed by the Nordics is a talent for good government—not only ability to organize a people but a faculty for allowing themselves to be organized into compact groups. What *they* call good government has its immediate origin in Rome. Roman roads and Roman laws are the models on which all is patterned, and Rome learned much from the conquered Egyptians and Greeks.

Civilization means, presumably, greater happiness. I am yet to be convinced that Nordics are happier than other races and nations. Their life is legislated and their pleasures are decreed and interfered with to a degree unknown by other peoples. Good government has become compulsion and the suppression of the individual.

I have traveled with gipsy folk, the most downtrodden and persecuted race in the world. They are the least affected by Nordic civilization; the least affected by Nordic standards, Nordic morality; the least affected by the Nordic way of life and cultural values. It is because the Gipsies are so little affected by all these artificial values that they are the happiest and healthiest and most fecund of races.

Wherever we happened to be we were like a laughing red flame against the grayness and the coldness of our surroundings. The laughter and gaiety in one small group of a hundred Gipsies could not be equaled by groups a thousand times their number of Nordic origin.

If civilization is to be measured in terms of happiness then the Gipsies are the most civilized human beings. They do not pride themselves on good government, nor are they pliant to organized drills as the Nordics are.

They are not good citizens. They are not obedient workers. They are happy, healthy, and fecund. What healthy man or woman does not secretly admire their freedom! It is they who have brought lay music, orchestral music, to Europe. That one gift to the world outweighs all those of our Nordic friends. The Nordics have done to music what they have done to religion: they have professionalized it—as they have professionalized love and laughter, by marriage and comedies.

Nordics have established their supremacy over the world by no spiritual quality that they possess, but by ruthlessness and force. Ruthlessness and force are perpetuated by ruthlessness and force. Spiritual qualities perpetuate themselves by themselves. Like begets like.

No order established by force has outlived the beauty of the bas-reliefs on Egyptian monuments, of Greek sculpture, of the Bible, of the Veda, of the Song of Solomon, of the Sermon on the Mount, of the Iliad and the Philippians, the plays of Sophocles and the wisdom of Euripides.

The American Nordics speak of assimilation. But what they mean by assimilation is other than what they want us to believe. The Nordic maniac considers a people civilized in the measure in which it has imitated his external way of life. Imitation of Anglo-Saxon life, masquerade instead of cultural contributions, is what they want of all the peoples. They clamor that we bury our past, deny our present, and kill our future; and, bending our necks, promise henceforth to attempt to be as good as they

are, that we may in a few thousand years reach their level of culture and accomplishment.

The most injurious and mendacious insult to the different populations of the United States are the tests of intelligence from which conclusions are drawn by those who want to legislate out of the country on the ground of unassimilability all non-Nordic elements.

Hundreds of thousands of Italians in this country were imported by contractors years ago, when pick-and-shovel men were needed to build the roads and lay the tracks from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from east to west and north to south. The contractors and the steamship agencies who induced these laborers to leave their land and home deliberately and purposely sought out only the lowest cultural element from Italy. Not only were they not anxious to get intelligent people, literate people, to come to this country; but the stupid and the illiterate were considered more valuable for the purpose. Then similiar types were brought in from Poland and Hungary.

Ohio and Pennsylvania, the Mesabi ranges, West Virginia, are populated with tens of thousands of these people, drawn from the least intelligent class of their population, and known here as "hunks." They were once considered a wonderful lot of "best" people, a great asset to this country, because they worked hard for low wages and gave no trouble. Now our Nordics try to deduce from tests of the intelligence of people brought here because of their lack of intelligence the intelligence of the nation and race they belong to.

I remember what happened to me when I came to this country. The boat was full of illiterate immigrants from every part of the world. When the immigration officers looked over the shipload, they passed them one after the other without much ado. Their horny hands and broad shoulders were their passports. When my hands and my shoulders failed to pass such examination I was brought before a board of inquiry, questioned and questioned again for several days before they decided to let me in.

There were two other friends of mine on the same boat. One has since become known as one of the foremost writers of his country. The other is a great sculptor. They were both rejected at Ellis Island. They had fine heads and longish hair, and their finger nails were neatly trimmed. They looked too smart. They did not look fit for pick-and-shovel work. I wonder whether they might not have proved as valuable to this country as all the laborers who had been shoved in so easily.

In the many years I have lived here I have mingled with people of almost every race and nation in this country. I have traveled through almost every State of the Union, and have mixed with people of the "inferior," "Alpine" type. These non-Nordic elements have added untold wealth to the country. In Massachusetts the Poles and the Italians are reclaiming abandoned farms, formerly owned by Nordic farmers, that have lain abandoned for years. Where everything seemed dead and decayed a few years ago it is now flourishing and bearing fruit. Where the underbrush had invaded fallow fields until they looked like forests of dwarf growth, children of Italian and Polish parents are now plowing and seeding.

In Michigan the "Alpines" have reclaimed tens of thousands of acres of cut-over land which was formerly not only unpr

fires. In New Jersey and in Connecticut, in Arkansas and in Texas, in California and Arizona and New Mexico the non-Nordic element has reclaimed millions of acres of land.

Farming as conducted in this country is based on the labor of the children. It could never have been put on a paying basis unless the children of the families had worked as hard as they do. The Nordics abandoned the farms because they limited the number of children in their families. The non-Nordic elements can exist on the farm only because their children work; just as the previous generations of Germans and Anglo-Saxons existed on the farm because their children worked.

The farm may be the proper place for children and the proper place for grown-ups, but while work on the farm develops the body it does not develop the cultured intelligence. Farm life does not contribute to better education. The foreign farm element in this country has been drawn from the same class of people that were imported as laborers. The children born of them, living with them, in isolated communities in which the elders are uneducated, have neither incentive nor opportunity for education.

But is education a measure of intelligence? Is not fitness for the particular task one has set himself to do a better measure? When one can see that the net is missing in a picture of a tennis court does that prove one can do anything else with one's mind? I wonder how many people who could answer satisfactorily the Binet-test questions would be able to tell how tomatoes grow. How many of them would know the difference between hay and straw?

Civilization, intelligence, is a capacity for happiness—the amount of laughter, love, and joy in life one is capable of. In capacity for happiness we non-Nordics have it all over the Nordics. We are having a much better time in life. Where does the Nordic go when he wants to amuse himself, when he desires to let go and have some fun in life? To Cairo, to Alexandria, to Paris, to Rome, to Venice, to Constantinople. Where are the treasures of art and the sources of joy to be found—in the Scandinavian countries or in the Latin ones?

And why have the Nordics the world over settled on that part of the globe where there is neither warmth nor sun, where the grape does not hang heavy from the vine?

The Cry for Productivity*

By JOHN A. HOBSON

POST-WAR experience has strengthened the tendency of the rulers of industry and their economists to counter the claims of the workers for a better distribution of wealth by the demand for higher productivity, as if the two processes were alternatives. The science of statistics has been pressed into service, both in England and America, to support the conclusions (1) that poverty and discontent are not due to unequal or unfair distribution of income, (2) that such inequality as exists is inevitable, and (3) that only by greatly enhanced productivity can a civilized standard of living be secured for all.

In Britain, before the war, an eminent statistician, Dr. Bowley, claimed to prove that "only 200 to 250 million pounds sterling—on the extremist reckoning—can have been spent, by the rich or moderately well off, in any thing of the nature of luxury." This sum would have little more than sufficed to bring the wages of adult men and women up to the minimum of 35s. 3d. weekly for a man, and 21s. for a woman, which Mr. Rowntree in "The Human Needs of Labor" estimates as "reasonable." Dr. Stamp estimated for 1919 (when prices were more than doubled) that if incomes in excess of £250 per annum were pooled among the British population the amount thus divisible "would not give each family more than £14 a year rise, or say 5s. per week." He adds that "It is clear there is great inequality of distribution, but I agree with Dr. Bowley when he stated 'The constancy of the proportions and ratio of movement found in the investigations' (over a period from 1880 to 1913) seems to point to a fixed system of causation and has an appearance of inevitableness."

This doctrine of inevitability in distribution is supported by a far more elaborate set of statistical inquiries establishing in widely diverse ages and countries a closely uniform apportionment of national income in conformity with "Pareto's Curve."

Thus all hopes of relieving poverty and discontent are made to turn upon enlarging the income without tampering with the "fixed system of causation" that regulates its distribution!

Now, let us provisionally accept the hypothesis that more productivity is the safe and sufficient remedy, and seek the conditions of this productivity. The problem presents at present a very different face in Europe and in America. In nearly every European country the productive machinery is working slow, by reason of war and post-war damage to its finance, capital, labor efficiency, and markets. This damage is represented in unemployment, underemployment, and poor production. America, but lightly touched at present by Europe's economic disorders, presents to every European eye a spectacle of abounding prosperity, shared it appears substantially, though unequally, by a large majority of her population. A great people so well-fed, clothed, and housed, and endowed with so much mobility and automobility, has never before been seen.

And yet in every gathering of business men and of economists it is argued that much more could and would be produced if—If what? If certain changes and improvements in the working of the economic system were attained. But they hasten to add "without any radical alterations in ownership and operation of the existing system, either on the part of labor, the state, or the public." Thus the question is fairly posed. Even in America the machinery of production is wasting power, by low functioning of labor or plants, or both, by inferior technique and organization, unreliable finance, unsatisfactory transport and marketing arrangements. How big the total waste is, nobody can do more than guess, and the guesses vary from, say, 50 per cent to 200 per cent. If the natural and human economic resources of the country were fully utilized, even up to the highest standards of equipment and operation actually in use, is it too much to expect that the output of available

* This is the first of a study and mysticism, and on current economic problems.

a financial and social institution

wealth would be doubled? At any rate, such an enlargement, and more, could safely be predicted for England, and for any industrialized European country. Such enhanced productivity we could take out in more goods and services or more leisure and enjoyment of life. Though the available natural resources will vary widely for different communities, sound trade relations will in large part pool any special advantages, as also the free flow of economic knowledge will generalize the command of man over nature, now admittedly adequate to supply all his legitimate needs.

What holds us back from realizing this economy of high production? It is necessary, first, to make it clearly understood that the "holding back" is at all points a more or less conscious policy of men engaged in industry. Restriction of output, for prolongation of the job, for spreading employment, sometimes also from laziness or for a check on "profiteering," is charged against the individual workman or the labor unions in many trades, with a considerable element of truth. Though, as we see, other motives may enter, the main pretext for this individual, or collective "Ca Canny" of workers is the belief, often well-founded, that markets furnish no security for full continuous employment, and that, if they put out too much work, short time or stoppage will ensue. Economic sermons from economists upon the elasticity of demand which will necessarily follow low labor costs, and will reward the worker for his greater efficiency, fail to carry the necessary conviction to his mind. He has no faith in an early and inevitable expansion of the market for his personal labors. "In the long run" it may work out so, but from the necessity of his situation he is concerned with the short run. Blind to his own true interest, perhaps! But in Britain, at least, and to a smaller extent in America, labor is restrained from pursuing a policy of high production.

But what of the business men themselves who never tire of urging workmen to put forth their utmost energy so as to keep down costs? In times of rising prices and high profits they seek, indeed, to run their plants at high pressure. But at the back of their minds there is always a haunting fear, based upon long experience, that this policy of maximum production cannot last, that prices will soon decline, contracts fall off, profits disappear unless they and their competitors arrange to slacken the rate of output. This plainly recognized need to limit output, in order to maintain a reasonable level of prices and of profits, is the main incentive to the formation of trusts, combines, associations, agreements, by which cutthroat competition is suspended or displaced in most organized trades. The management of machine industry continually keeps a watchful eye upon the markets lest they show signs of being overstocked, in which case some slowing down of production will be expedient. Just as the worker fears the cutting of wages if he works too fast, so the employer fears the cutting of prices if his plant turns out too much. Mr. Veblen, no doubt rightly, exonerates the manager, as engineer, from blame for this periodic or, in some instances, chronic sabotage of industry, imputing it to the domination of finance, or "the price system." But the point is that amid all this talk of the need and duty of high productivity both capital and labor in their several interests tacitly and consciously agree upon restricting output. Though as a fully conscious business policy this restraint applies chiefly to the great standard manufactures and their raw materials and power, agriculture and most minor

trades have the same dread of overstocking their market.

But there are other conscious policies of business men in most industrial countries that are hostile to the achievement of high productivity. Adam Smith rightly laid down the basis of his science of wealth in that division of labor, according to which men as individuals, local groups, or nations applied themselves specially or exclusively to the sorts of work for which they were, by their capacities, inclinations, and natural resources, best qualified, exchanging their diverse products with one another on the easiest and freest terms of commerce. Such is the efficient economy of maximum productivity for the economic world as a whole and for each person in that world.

But there have always been persons, or peoples, who, because their minds, by malformation or miseducation, see trade in terms not of cooperation but antagonism, or because they are dominated by other non-economic considerations, set themselves to place obstacles in the way of this productive policy. As workmen they seek to stop other men from entering "their" trade, as business men they try to stop outside capital from entering "their" industry, as tariffists and hundred-per-centers they will check the free flow of foreign brains and labor and foreign goods into "their" country. This short-sighted selfishness in its narrower forms they dignify as trade loyalty, in its wider form as "patriotism" or "national economy." Without prejudging the question whether other considerations may or may not rightly override the gains of productivity, it is important to realize that all such measures rank as interferences with maximum productivity, and that all members of that cooperative society and all mankind must pay for them in reduced wealth. It may perhaps be urged that there are favored plots of earth, possibly whole countries, where this exclusive policy ranks as enlightened selfishness, countries virtually self-sufficient and able to keep their advantages for their own people. This possibility for the United States I will reserve for later examination; here merely noting that the presumption is against it as impairing the wider division of labor upon which the aggregate dividend is based. The setting up of tariff and other interferences with free movement of persons, money, or goods ranks as a practical repudiation of the gospel of social-economic salvation by high productivity. In many subtle ways it diminishes the productivity of the average man both within the protected area and outside. It may be said, and with a measure of truth, that the advocates of such policies, business men or statesmen, do not admit that their motive or result is a restriction upon wealth production. They often assert and possibly believe the contrary. But, when one probes their feelings and notions a little deeper, one soon discovers that the fears of foreign goods "invading" "our" markets involve a belief that an excessive supply of goods for sale must lower prices, drive the profits of "our" industries below zero, and spread unemployment among "our" workers. So we perceive how a cloud of witnesses give the lie to the fine professions about "productivity" as the simple and sufficient remedy for poverty and discontent. For it is not the niggardliness of nature nor the backwardness of science nor the inefficiency of labor that checks productivity but the refusal of man to set science to do her best with nature. Employers, workers, politicians conspire to hold back productivity and so halve the real income they might enjoy. Why do they do it?

Three Lights on the Potomac

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE Potomac flows today in the gleams of three principal navigation lights.

1. There are, in the mind of the national capital, few really enormous legislative problems. We have come, in the mind of the national capital, to a period singularly devoid of great pressing issues. The late Sixty-eighth Congress, in both its sessions put together, passed only one law of novel revolutionary importance. That law was the Immigration Law, restricting immigration so drastically and severely as to have a prodigious influence upon the ultimate racial composition of the population of this country. Next in importance to this law were the Rogers Law, reorganizing and probably greatly improving our foreign diplomatic service, and the law imbedded in the Deficiency Act of December 5 last bringing improved conditions and larger opportunities to settlers upon our irrigated public lands in the Great West. No other crucial achievements can be credited to the Sixty-eighth Congress. Its famous Bonus Law may have been just, or unjust, but certainly is not in the category of constructive legislation. Its famous reducing of taxes is merely the sort of thing that necessarily happens after every war. Its failure to enact any really novel method of dealing with the so-called "problem" of agriculture is tacit but eloquent testimony to its essential final disbelief in the existence of "problems." Moreover, the bill proposed by the Administration for the "relief" of agriculture and rejected by Congress put a winding-sheet on the farm bloc. This bill was a project for regulating the cooperative marketing societies of the farmers. The farmers, having helped to regulate almost everybody else, saw themselves about to be given their own medicine. They spurned it. The record of the Sixty-eighth Congress is legislatively a flat and quiet record; and the prospect is today that the present temper of the national capital may make the record of the Sixty-ninth Congress equally empty of great legislative novelties.

2. The Administration, in spite of its best endeavors, has not been so successful as might have been hoped in stemming the tide toward certain new expenses and toward federal subsidies to the States. Denouncing those subsidies, the President has found himself affixing his signature to new ones. In the next fiscal year, for the first time, we shall devote federal money to "cooperation" with the States in the developing of the art and science of forestry on private farms. The first appropriation for this new purpose is only \$100,000, but unless it has less self-respect than other similar appropriations have had it will grow up to be a big boy in time. In the next fiscal year, further, we begin a new policy of increased grants to the agricultural experiment stations of our several States for the new purpose of pursuing studies not only in the production of crops but in the economics of the agricultural industry. We have been giving each State \$30,000 a year for its agricultural experiment-station work. When our new plan is completely installed we shall be giving each State \$90,000 for that work. Thus even under Calvin Coolidge the tendency toward federal subsidies for States does not get checked but flows forward. Additionally no

strictly federal activity has been abandoned, although the President has stated emphatically that the federal Government ought to withdraw from some of the fields which it now occupies. Finally, in some directions the federal Government continues to grow. It continues to have more laws regulating people's behavior and continues to need new facilities for administering those laws. The last Congress gave us half a dozen new federal judges and two new federal prisons. It also gave us a commission to establish three new national parks east of the Mississippi, where now we have only one national park. The three new ones will probably cost, to begin with, some \$7,000,000. We also, although we cannot afford to keep the streets of Washington in decent repair, are going to spend \$15,000,000 now on a magnificent new bridge across the Potomac. The President's policy of economy survives to seek a genuine conclusive victory in the Congress which will meet next December. To date it has won, at the most, only a drawn battle.

3. The President has proved himself more "progressive" (technically speaking) than Congress. His rental control bill would have enabled a federal commission virtually to fix the rate of return on money invested in rented houses in the District of Columbia. Congress flinched from it. The President's agricultural bill would have established a federal commission authorized to create a federal cooperative system within which, when once an agricultural cooperative society had been admitted to membership, it could be registered, audited, regulated, fined, and otherwise disciplined, at a cost to the federal taxpayers of half a million dollars in the first year. Congress banged this bill on the head with a mallet. The President insisted upon a new Department of Education, and sent a special letter to Senator Smoot about it, and Senator Smoot quite frequently arose in the Senate and asked consideration for the "departmental reorganization bill" in which the new proposed Department of Education is included. Senator Smoot's efforts were unavailing even with the President himself supporting them. The Senate refused to progress toward any new federal department. The President suggested a revision of the Transportation Law cautiously in the direction desired outrightly by the railroad trade unions in the famous Howell-Barkley Bill. The Republican leader of the House, Mr. Longworth, and the Democratic leader of the House, Mr. Garrett, were both of them opposed to this bill. Mr. Longworth was opposed to it not so much for what was in it as for the way it was brought forward in defiance of the House leadership. In any case, in this last session of the late Congress, the Howell-Barkley Bill never got as far as first base in its attempted tour around the field, although it was cheered on cautiously by the President and emphatically by the railroad plank in the last Republican national platform. This last session of the late Congress was more conservative than the Republican platform and more conservative than the supposed paladin of conservatism in the White House. The next Congress will presumably be even more conservative; and it is freely predicted that the President, more than ever, will prove that it is difficult to label him with any one label.

In the Driftway

THE Vice-President is not the only member of the Government who makes our Congress lively. Every time the Drifter has visited that august body most of the members have been absent or asleep; but it is not always so. Consider, for example, the words of the gentleman from Missouri, Mr. Lozier, on the subject of the proposed bridge across the Potomac, which is mentioned casually by *The Nation's* Washington correspondent in his letter this week. Mr. Lozier disliked to spend money on the bridge; he thought it a wasteful and unlovely idea. And he closed his remarks with thoughts on architecture as a whole:

My colleagues, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon," but confidentially, one of the crowning achievements of this bridge project is a polygonal, or many-sided, temple at the junction of the bridge and the Lee Highway. I said a polygonal, not a polygamous temple. How exceedingly fortunate that we are to have a polygonal temple. What could more fully meet and satisfy the national aspirations and supreme longings of the American people? Methinks this monumental structure would be a monumental failure if President Coolidge and his associates had not made provision for this polygonal temple.

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THE Drifter frankly does not know what a polygonal temple is, nor does Mr. Lozier illuminate the subject to any extent. But he does give the idea that the proposed fourteen-million-dollar bridge will be a fearful and wonderful structure:

Like Job . . . the American people are patient and long-suffering. In architectural details they are not at all times exacting. Of the technique of bridge-building they claim no special knowledge. . . . They are not experts on colonnades, entablatures, faces, naves, arches, façades, and pediments. But every American, however untutored, is an expert on polygonal temples. In this cultural realm, in this aesthetic domain, in this artistic sphere they are preeminent. To the average American the sight of a polygonal temple will cure sore eyes, and is sweeter than the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. The stolid, taciturn, impassive, level-headed Americans may look with complacency on war, pestilence, famine, financial disaster, physical affliction, and social ostracism, but as a panacea for all these ills President Coolidge is going to build them a polygonal temple. True the American people are taxed \$14,750,000 to build this bridge, but look what they get for their money. . . . The President, . . . is short on economy but long on artistic architecture. For the small number of architectural experts and for the elite and those who are extensively cultured and who live, move, and have their being in the realm of the aesthetic and the artistic the President has planned a bridge with segmental arches, colossal columns, marble pylons, granite abutments, graceful pilasters, symmetrical peristyles, and exquisite bas-reliefs, but the 109,000,000 common people in America who were not so easily satisfied, with one voice and with one accord joined in the loud-swelling chorus:

A polygonal temple we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not. . . .

* * * * *

THE Drifter would like truthfully to state that irony killed the proposal to build the bridge. But such is not the case. We shall have it, polygonal temple and all. But if Mr. Lozier will go on talking about it, we shall be better able to endure its shortcomings. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Political Prisoners in Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* of March 4 there appears an article by Mr. Louis Fischer, your Moscow correspondent, on political prisoners under bolshevism. He says: "The head of the prisoners of Soviet Russia assured me—and this was later confirmed by the Attorney General of the Union—that no politicals are sentenced to serve in prison without a public trial. I have heard of no case to indicate the contrary." Why should they have to be sentenced to serve in prison if they could be held there at the will of the G. P. U.? What difference does it make to the prisoner whether he is incarcerated as the result of a trial or by administrative order? Then, according to my latest information, Gorgi Dmitrievich Koochin, a member of the Central Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, was sentenced only recently to ten years' hard labor in the prison of Cheliabinsk by the G. P. U. without having been given the opportunity of a public trial.

Mr. Fischer further says: "The term of exile is legally limited to three years and usually does not exceed two." It shouldn't have been hard for Mr. Fischer to ascertain that a number of Socialists and Revolutionists, banished into exile, had their term of exile renewed after the expiration of the original term. I shall bring only one example, and that is of Boris Ossipovitch Bogdanoff, one of the oldest and best-known Russian Social Democrats, who only recently was sent to Petchora after having finished a term of exile at Solovetsky.

Then there is an interesting discrepancy between a statement contained in Mr. Ward's article and a statement by Mr. Fischer. The latter says: "The right to issue orders for banishment is exercised by the G. P. U. of Moscow, Kharkow, and Minsk, and by the Cheka of Tiflis." Mr. Ward says of the G. P. U.: "It has no powers to sentence as the Cheka have. These are reserved to the Commissariat of Justice. . . . The G. P. U. may not, as the Cheka could, sentence to death or deport without trial."

In closing I wish to say that all interested in the cause of civil liberty are very grateful to *The Nation* for calling the attention of progressive public opinion in the United States to the existence of political prisoners in Russia. In the year of the Lord 1925—after the Soviet Government has sought for and obtained the recognition of nearly all capitalistic governments; after amnesty has been granted, or is to be granted, to rank counter-revolutionists who fought against Russia with arms in their hands—there is no reason or justification for the prosecution of Socialists and Revolutionists whose only offense is dissension from the official canons of the Communist church.

New York, March 2

B. C. VLADECK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hold your Moscow correspondent, Mr. Louis Fischer, in such high esteem that I hesitate to criticize his work. Yet, in his article on Political Prisoners under Bolshevism he has been led, I believe, to minimize and misrepresent a very unfortunate and deplorable situation. I say this after having personally investigated the condition of the prisoners and exiles, not only in Moscow but in the European Arctic and in Siberia.

1. Mr. Fischer says: "It is not true, as is repeatedly charged abroad, that exiles are sent to the North without warm clothing." It is true! I have seen them facing the prospects of the Arctic winter "undressed," to use the expressive Russian word. They have complained of it to me in their prisons, before their jailers, and the jailers had no denial. The most pitiable and terrible sight last autumn was the political exiles going in droves to the river boats, in cities like Tomsk and

Krasnoyarsk, for the journey north, utterly unprovided with even moderate winter garments. I know how hard bodies like Madame Peshkova's committee and the Siberian churches have striven to find some garments for the exiles.

2. Mr. Fischer states that the politicals in Solovetsky number 350. He omits to state the damning fact that among the 3,000 so-called criminals in Solovetsky are very many who are really politicals. Only members of certain political organizations, such as the S. D.'s, and the S. R.'s, are classified as political prisoners. The others, old aristocrats arrested for nothing but the misfortune of their birth; university students, priests, and bishops, are treated as criminals, housed with criminals, fed as criminals, worked like galley slaves, and shot on any excuse.

3. Mr. Fischer implies, on the authority of one unnamed foreign ambassador, that the practice of sending bourgeois Russians into exile for making visits to foreign embassies ceased some eight months ago. I know one case in the month of August last where a distinguished political economist who had dared to visit the British agent in Leningrad—purely social visits—was sentenced to three years' exile. According to an official statement he committed suicide after sentence was pronounced.

4. In mentioning the work of the Committee for the Relief of Political Prisoners working in Moscow under the direction of Madame Peshkova, your correspondent might have added that the committee is not allowed to make public appeals for funds. For example, when it gives a concert it cannot advertise that this is for the relief of exiles. Consequently its funds in Russia are drawn mainly from a very small group and their personal friends. May I add that any money sent by your readers to Madame Peshkova, Kuznestsy Most, Moscow, will help to relieve great distress.

5. It is news to me that Solovetsky is separated from the mainland for five months a year, on account of ice. The ice barrier usually makes the route impassable to any but specially trained natives for from six to eight months.

I am sure that had Mr. Fischer seen for himself what is happening to the exiles in the Arctic and in Siberia, he would have written very differently.

New York, March 5

F. A. MACKENZIE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those of us who have regarded *The Nation* as one of the staunch friends of Soviet Russia, the issue of March 4 was in the nature of a shock. It was nothing more or less than a special issue attacking Russia—politely, perhaps—but attacking her nevertheless, for her attitude on the question of political prisoners. The cover blazoned forth titles that could produce only one impression on those who read and run: that *The Nation* has joined the ranks of the "fair-minded" enemies of Soviet Russia, at the time when Russia needs the support of every friend it has on American soil.

Strange to say this highly colored issue of *The Nation* appeared almost simultaneously with an announcement by a certain International Committee for Political Prisoners, a new committee which has undertaken to publish authentic information concerning the victims of political persecution all over the world. This committee is to consist of representatives of minority parties in all countries in which there are political prisoners, as well as of American liberals who are interested in prison reform and protest against imprisonment for political views. Most of the Americans interested are good friends of Soviet Russia, but two or three of her bitterest enemies are included among them, persons whose names betray the character of the message that this committee has to bring, even if the issue of *The Nation* had not removed all doubts on that score.

What justification is there for this attitude toward Soviet Russia? How many political prisoners are there in Soviet Russia at the present time? Even if we use the figures of the opponents of Soviet Russia, we find that there are at the most

3,000 to 4,000 political prisoners in the vast country known as Soviet Russia.

But what are conditions in other countries, against which the committee will "also" protest? Compare the following figures, published by the International Red Aid, concerning the number of Communists who are held as political prisoners in the various countries of Europe: Germany, 8,000-9,000; Bulgaria, more than 10,000; Yugoslavia, 6,000 (during the late election more than 120,000 Communists and supporters of the Peasant leader Radich are said to have been arrested. How many of these have since been released, we are unable to tell); Poland, more than 6,000; Greece, 2,000; Estonia, 1,000; Latvia and Lithuania, 1,500; Italy, 1,500; Hungary, 1,000; Spain, 500; Rumania, 7,000; Finland, 3,000. The number of imprisoned Communists in the countries here mentioned exceeds 50,000.

Mr. Ward in his article in *The Nation* for March 4 pictured vividly the humane treatment that is accorded the prisoners of the Soviet Government. Will the sponsors of the above-mentioned committee have the courage to tell of the pestilential dens in which the political prisoners of Estonia, Finland, Poland, Italy, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania are being subjected to bestial tortures?

Russia and the Russian question are now, more than ever before, in the foreground of American interest. The Administration in Washington is at work at this moment on a program which is to be the basis for negotiations soon to take place between the United States and the Workers' and Peasants' Republic. Such a campaign as this committee is carrying on must do immeasurable harm to this cause and strengthen the hand of the Hughes element.

Nor should *The Nation* and its editors forget that, at the present time, a gentleman by the name of Abramovich, a representative of the Second International, is carrying on an aggressive campaign against Soviet Russia in this country. It will be difficult to convince the supporters of Soviet Russia in the United States that this peculiar coincidence which brings this notorious Menshevik to America at precisely the moment when the fraternal union of Anarchists and Liberals makes its debut heralded by the last issue of *The Nation*, was purely accidental.

New York, March 5

LUDWIG LORE

To Extend Osteopathy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Eleven years ago the Osteopathic Society of the City of New York in conjunction with a group of laymen established an osteopathic clinic at 35 East Thirty-second Street to meet the growing demand for osteopathic treatment among the worthy poor. It was licensed by the State Board of Charities in July, 1914, and graded "Class 1," with the recommendation that it be enlarged to increase the scope of the work. It has a record of over 68,000 treatments given in the eleven years of its existence. The cost per treatment is \$1.06, and the average treatment fee is 25 cents. No patient has been refused on account of inability to pay.

Owing to inability to renew the lease after May 1 on the present building, a campaign to raise funds to build, equip, and endow an enlarged osteopathic clinic was the decision reached by the board of the clinic and the Osteopathic Society of the City of New York, and on January 12 preliminary campaign headquarters were established at 18 East Forty-first Street.

The results of osteopathic treatment in the children's clinics alone would justify the existence of the New York Osteopathic Clinic. Pupils from the ungraded schools are daily sent to the clinic. Among these are the mentally deficient, the undernourished, those handicapped from birth with twisted dispositions, twisted limbs, and twisted spines.

The Osteopathic Society of the City of New York asks the support of persons interested in this humanitarian work.

New York, February 13

M. GOODBODY

Books, Music, and Plays

First Glance

SCHOLARS who have had frequent occasion to be grateful to the Oxford University Press for its sumptuous reprints of famous books will particularly welcome now a new edition in two volumes of Bernard Mandeville's "The Fable of the Bees" (\$12.50). Not only is this latest form of the "Fable" supremely handsome; the editing, which has been done by F. B. Kaye in elaboration of a Yale thesis, is such that it will probably never have to be done again. In numerous notes and in an introduction of one hundred and fifty pages Mr. Kaye has given a biography of Mandeville and a history of his text; has analyzed the content of his thought both on the ethical and on the economic side; has run his ideas back through Bayle, La Rochefoucauld, Gassendi, Hobbes, Erasmus, Spinoza, and Locke; and has traced his remarkable influence on the later doctrines of laissez-faire in economics and utilitarianism in ethics. In addition Mr. Kaye has furnished an admirable bibliography of the "Fable"; and at the end of the second volume he has supplied a list of critical excerpts extending all the way from John Dennis to Bernard Shaw.

Criticism of Mandeville was much more serious in his own century than it was in the one which followed, when the implications of his famous paradox were more clearly realized, and when it became possible either to deny or to evade the ethical dilemma which he had proposed. What in his thought has not been rejected by this time has been absorbed, so that Mr. Kaye's edition, which comes more than a hundred years after the last complete one of 1806, is properly speaking an antiquarian document—a monument, and a highly amusing one, to an extinct controversy.

Crabb Robinson called the "Fable" "the wickedest, cleverest book in the English language." If it seems chiefly clever now, to Mandeville's contemporaries it seemed chiefly wicked. For its author committed the unpardonable sin of catching his age in a contradiction and refusing to be sorry for it—indeed, he broke into a horse-laugh from which he never could be persuaded to desist. It was an age when ethical philosophers were desperately struggling to square man with God, to reconcile prosperity and Christianity, to demonstrate that human impulses consist with the dictates of pure reason. A sounder idealism, Plato's, had frankly resorted to another world than this one in which men make their living and argue their cases in court; a sounder theology, St. Augustine's, had frankly located the City of God in heaven; and a sounder psychology today frankly declines to be bothered with perfection at all. But then there was Lord Shaftesbury declaring that the nature of man is divine. Mandeville, being a physician and a clear-headed observer, laughed loud and long. Shaftesbury's "notions I confess are generous and refined; they are a high compliment to humankind, and capable by the help of a little enthusiasm of inspiring us with the most noble sentiments concerning the dignity of our exalted nature. What pity it is that they are not true." And he proceeded to show what he knew to be true. Admitting, for the purposes of his paradox, the Christian ideal according to which virtue is defined as the victory of love over self, he examined the world which to his optimistic opponents was so satisfactory a thing and found

—not virtue reigning, but vice; not love, but self. "What we call evil in this world . . . is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures, the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception."

Only in a transition age could Mandeville's proof that the actual is never to be identified with the ideal have been so painful to his audience—or so delightful to himself. If his laughter still lives through his robustly rolling style, his thinking is no longer worthy of much respect. He pays a heavy penalty for having been one of those "purblindly courageous moralists"—says Shaw—"who merely state unpleasant facts without denying the validity of current ideals, and who indeed depend on those ideals to make their statements piquant."

MARK VAN DOREN

Ten Years Entire

The American States During and After the Revolution, 1775-1789. By Allan Nevins. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

MR. NEVINS has selected for treatment that period of our history which lies between the battles of Lexington and Concord and the adoption of the federal Constitution, and he centers his attention on the history of the States only, ignoring the activities, except incidentally, of the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention. He writes of thirteen separate communities, each determined to live its own independent life though willing, up to a certain point, to cooperate for the common good; and he tells the story with learning and insight. He shows us these communities, during this the most critical period of their existence as independent States, engaged in solving their political and constitutional problems, settling their financial difficulties, working out their policy toward education, law, religion, slavery, and crime, and adjusting their relations with each other and with the United States. He presents, in great detail and with countless illustrations, the obstacles confronting them in their efforts to satisfy their own needs and to square their own autonomy with that of the higher nationality which was slowly but surely coming into being. It is clear to us that they were as sensitive at that time on the subject of their State sovereignty as we are today on the subject of our national sovereignty, and that just as in our day it is taking the United States a long time to think internationally, so at the beginning of our history it took the individual States a long time to think nationally.

Mr. Nevins has brought out in high relief the local rivalries and jealousies, quarrels of factions, bitter hates and hostile maneuverings, the low ideals of majorities, and the pettiness, prejudice, ignorance, and intolerance that accompanied the founding of our republic. Nowhere has the tale been better told of the varied, and often humiliating, experiences that finally taught our people the valuable lessons which had to be learned before the federal Constitution could be ratified and a strong central government set up. After reading this book one wonders that we ever succeeded in emerging from the aftermath of the revolution as a united people, instead of remaining a group of little sectional republics.

The author has done his work with amazing thoroughness and care. He has gathered into these pages an enormous amount of useful information—more than has ever before been brought together within the compass of a single book on the period—gleaned from a widely distributed body of material. Some of this material is in manuscript in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but the greater part is in printed form—collections of documents and secondary authorities. In handling his evidence he has shown intelligence and understanding, mod-

eration and restraint, freedom from prejudice and partiality, conspicuous sincerity, and a marked desire to be truthful and accurate. In the entire work there are only a score or so of mistakes—no one of which is very important—and only two or three typographical errors. Mr. Nevins's style, though without distinction and at times journalistic, is clear and straightforward and in excellent taste. His frequent characterizations of groups and individuals seem eminently fair, and his brief psychographs of such men as Hancock, Jefferson, Henry, Gadsden, and others, both during and after the revolution, are marked by discrimination and good judgment. There are in this volume none of the attempts at canonization that disfigure many of the popular portrayals of revolutionary personages, and one can only hope that so honest a picture will have some effect upon the estimates that have passed current in this country of many of these same men and their activities before the War of Independence began. It is a curious fact that certain of our people mind very little any criticism of our forefathers for their conduct after the revolution, when the great antagonist was our own federal government, but object almost angrily to similar criticism of the same men and no less reprehensible conduct in the colonial period, when the antagonist was the British government. It appears to be purely a matter of sentiment.

Three comments on Mr. Nevins's book suggest themselves. First, it is too long. Six hundred and seventy-eight pages, containing nearly two hundred and seventy thousand words for a period of but ten years, is portentous for those who would most profit by its perusal—the members of the public at large. Much of it is hard reading, particularly the chapters devoted to political development. In the second place, valuable as it is, the conclusions reached will not alter materially existing views on the period, although in minor matters important opinions are expressed. In the third place, the method of treatment and form of presentation strike me as a little old-fashioned, as if the work might have been written twenty-five years ago. This impression is somewhat confirmed by the frontispiece—a galaxy of nine great state leaders—and by the mention of Alexander Johnston, who wrote his "Connecticut" in 1887, and of Stephen B. Weeks, who wrote of the Quakers in 1893, as "recent" historians. Then the accounts of the Vermont situation and of the Connecticut-Pennsylvania controversy are neither satisfactory nor up to date, and the opening chapters on the pre-revolutionary period are written in the spirit of an earlier time. The work as a whole partakes of the nature of a compilation, because of the frequency of quotation and the excessive dependence which it shows on secondary authorities. Important as Mr. Nevins's volume is and useful as it is bound to be, I believe that it could have been made more helpful and suggestive by greater compression and by a less detailed and more interpretative form of presentation.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS

Croce Applied

The Conduct of Life. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Arthur Livingston. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.25.

CROCE'S systematic treatise on ethics, "The Philosophy of the Practical," had many virtues. It was immensely learned. It exhibited a wide-ranging mind, adaptable to many different intellectual climates. It was filled with masterly historical summaries. In analysis and in destructive criticism it was superb. But in one important respect it was disappointing: its positive teaching was both meager and obscure. The present volume to some extent supplies the defect. It is made up of some forty brief essays "suggested to me by the most varied cues—a remark by some philosopher, a verse by some poet, some episode in public life, some personal problem of my own, some crisis of conscience in a friend." They touch upon a great

variety of topics in the fields of morals, art, politics, religion, some of them well worn, others not so familiar. (Forgiving and Forgetting, Humility, the Joy of Evil, Specialization and Intolerance, Disgust for Politics, Beatitude and Yearning for Repose.) There is naturally no continuity in the book and it would be quite impossible to gather from these essays any coherent account of Croce's ethical principles; but one gets from them some idea of what his philosophy comes to on specific problems of conduct, and one can become acquainted with the quality of his mind.

Except for Santayana's "Soliloquies in England" I think of no volume quite like this. The resemblance is partial: for in wisdom, in urbaneness, and in power of imagination Croce cannot stand comparison with Santayana for a moment. But both bring to bear upon the major concerns of human life a humane and civilized judgment; both are masters of the brief, compact philosophical essay; both can write philosophy that is at the same time prose and not jargon.

Each one of these essays is what such things should be: a provocation to reflection. Sometimes they provoke by stimulating and sometimes by exasperating, but all bite into the mind. None are dull, or reminiscent, or merely amiable. They betoken a fresh and independent gaze. They are like a shaft of bright light focused now here, now there, upon the field of conduct, and illuminating the problems. Both those who have thought little and those who have thought much about such problems can hardly read the book without a kindling of intellectual excitement.

I have said that the author is sometimes exasperating; I give one or two examples. "For philosophy, as well as religion, bears witness to an immortality beyond our present lives and our present individualities. It demonstrates that every act of ours, the moment it is realized, is disjoined from us and like an immortal life of its own; and since we are nothing else but reality than the series of our acts, we too are immortal, for what we have lived once is to live for ever." Anyone can see that this is nonsense. That I have lived is an eternally true statement, but this does not mean that I live for ever. "Faith and thought are not to be identified with each other, nor do they destroy each other, nor do they divide the mental field by amicable compromise. The fact is simply that when faith takes possession of the mind, thought comes to an end, and when thought takes possession of the mind, faith comes to an end. And why? Because faith is nothing but the result of thinking." Wrong again! Faith has never meant that and does not now. "The major concerns of the ascetic . . . are themselves sins of refined selfishness." That is a superficial and unworthy account of a complex subject.

Now, why are all these statements exasperating? Surely just because we happen to disagree with them. It is because Croce is not basing his definitions on the thing observed but is forcing the thing to conform to the definition. Immortality has to mean what Croce says it means, and so with faith and asceticism, because these meanings are logical consequences of his philosophy. This is a form of intellectual domineering, a shaking of one's fist in the face of the fact and saying to them: "I know what is good for you better than you do yourselves."

I offer this comment more as a warning than as a criticism. The book does not contain an ethical system: it presupposes one. And because Croce is here looking for applications, confirmation, and illustrations of principles that he has already established, he is not wholly faithful to the outline of the thing studied. The reader need not waste his time deploring this tendency: he need only allow for it.

It should be said of the translation that, barring an occasional lapse into the inelegant (e.g., "the country is headed straight for the damnation bow-wows."), it seems excellent throughout. It is entitled to that highest compliment which consists in saying that one would never know it was a translation!

C. A. BENNETT

An Early Miniaturist

Charles Fraser. By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. \$12.75.

THE publisher of this handsome quarto deserves higher praise than the authors. As a biography of an important American artist it is negligible, consisting as it does of a few scattering and unilluminating facts, arranged without much appearance of orderliness, and a few amiable commonplaces. It adds almost nothing of significance to the two-page sketch of Fraser in Dunlap's "History of the Arts of Design in the United States." An American who, in the first half of the nineteenth century, turned from a profitable law practice to the profession of miniature-painting is a rare and interesting phenomenon worthy of a much fuller biography than this. Perhaps diligent research failed to bring to light any more information than is here presented—in which case the authors might better have confined themselves to an introduction by way of critical evaluation; though as art critics they do not particularly distinguish themselves.

Mr. and Miss Smith have done a valuable service, however, in studying the paintings of a too-little-known miniaturist and in selecting and annotating typical examples from the range of his work. The real worth of the book consists in the beautiful reproductions of these examples—forty-eight in half-tone and four in photogravure—which Mr. Sherman has provided. The photogravures in particular are as brilliantly perfect as such work well can be. Because his best pictures are still confined to Charleston, South Carolina, where practically all of his painting was done, Fraser has suffered an unmerited neglect. But these reproductions make it apparent that he belongs among the most happily gifted of the earlier American portraitists, and that as a miniaturist he might challenge comparison with any, not excepting Malbone. To put it uncritically, Fraser's paintings look like people, and they have the very human quality of disclosing new facets of personality as acquaintance grows. Whether the subjects are handsome or homely—and Fraser was no flatterer—he contrived to impart to them an atmosphere of elegance and easy assurance, a consciousness of being where they belonged, that must have made up no small part of the charm of the Southern gentry before the Civil War.

Mr. Sherman's promise of further volumes devoted to other miniaturists is most heartening to that steadily growing number who find the elder art of America deserving of study and respect.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Parlor Piracy

On Board the "Morning Star." By Pierre MacOrlan. Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley. Woodcuts by Daragnes. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

WHEN Edgar Saltus introduced Barbey D'Aurevilly to American readers he spoke of him as the ghost of an age of which Gautier was the torch. The ghost has since had successors of a nature more material, though still sensuously refined according to the best traditions of the decadent *cénacle*. It has fallen to the lot of Malcolm Cowley to discover the latest materialization in Pierre MacOrlan, whose little book of pirate adventures has just appeared in dainty format, illustrated by Daragnes with woodcuts that are in themselves the very last touch of the subtly *outré* in art.

To call MacOrlan's book a story of piracy would be a misnomer. The pirate motifs are merely incidental, like the titles of some of the more rabid post-impressionist paintings—flimsy pretexts to unleash an unruly imagination. It would be difficult to imagine Baudelaire reading a pirate yarn, yet had Baudelaire been a contemporary he might have pored luxuriantly over the pages of the "Morning Star," stroking one of the

cats that loved to recline on pianos as he relished such passages as this on the plague: "At night it seems that all my taut skin converges toward an enormous bubo which bursts with the noise of thunder. The Yellow Death still dominates the world, and volcanoes are only its buboes, perhaps the messengers of a fleshless liberty. . . ."

Pierre MacOrlan derived his title from the records of the good ship *Morning Star*, manned by a cosmopolitan crew of gentlemen of fortune, of the tribe that made the Caribbean a peril in the early part of the eighteenth century. These facts alone form the *raison d'être* of this decadent narrative. For the most part it is a series of miniature scenes of dissoluteness and reckless turpitude, rendered all the more gross by MacOrlan's delicate treatment, as if fertilizer were being heaped with a jeweled rake. The author of "A Rebours" could not have dealt more subtly with the gradual degeneration of his protagonist than MacOrlan deals with the successive indulgences and excesses of his crew. Repulsive facts are spoken of as though they were most natural. When the narrator tells of his weird childhood with a group of "obscene old men" he mentions cannibalism thus nonchalantly: "One day an old man fell into a wolf-trap and I believe the others ate him. I cannot be sure."

Though the book has perfect passages, its harmony is not sustained. It sometimes attains to Baudelaire, but the next moment it barely escapes in sensationalism the penny terrors of Maurice Level. The rendering of the book into limpid English prose by Malcolm Cowley is in itself an achievement.

F. VINCI ROMAN

A Literalist of the Imagination

Observations. By Marianne Moore. The Dial Press. \$2.

IN granting their fourth annual award to Miss Marianne Moore the editors of *The Dial* have for the first time, so to speak, taken an option on the future. One recalls the three previous awards to Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, and Van Wyck Brooks, and remembers that Mr. Anderson had already won considerable reputation as a writer of unusual stories; that Mr. Eliot was already the author of a book of poems and a book of criticism and had just begun editing *The Criterion*; that Mr. Brooks was already considered one of the few American critics of distinction. Miss Moore, on the other hand, had in a decade of unassuming activity published only one small and unpretentious collection of poems. With important additions, "Observations" is a reprint of the earlier "Poems." And in its totality it stands as a record of whatever accomplishment Miss Moore has attained in contemporary letters.

An artist's criticism of his medium has always this of value: it is the most perfect criticism of his own work that can be obtained. So with Miss Moore:

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers that there is in

It after all, a place for the genuine.

She insists that poets must be "literalists of the imagination"—above insolence and triviality." All the arts, she infers,

must acknowledge the spiritual forces which have made it.

And Truth

is no Apollo

Belvedere, no formal thing. The wave may go over it if it likes.

Know that it will be there when it says:

"I shall be there when the wave has gone by."

In respect to her work, then, Miss Moore hews to an ideology that is aristocratic and severe and pure. Against the commonplace and the easy her subtlety of sarcasm is devastating. Herself a modernist by all the earmarks discernible, she is yet austere conservative, gifted with an instinctive taste and the wit to prove its supremacy.

Because one expresses oneself and entitles it wisdom, one is not a fool. What an idea!

Here is a rigorous, supple, puritanical, generous mentality that is simple and sophisticated at the same time, aware of that element of the ridiculous in both approaches to existence.

As Miss Moore's is a mind revealing whorl upon whorl of reflection, so we find in her observations an involute style, a wayward, capricious expression escaping first sight, demanding pursuit to be won. So much so, indeed, that she is open not infrequently and not altogether unjustly to the charge of obscurity. What she says on this point is perfectly true:

The same thing may be said for all of us, that we do not admire what

We cannot understand.

Granted: but let us by all means add that inability to understand the particular wording of a truth is not necessarily inability to understand that truth itself—though it must in all fairness be admitted that Miss Moore never leads us on any wild-goose chase. The hare is worthy of the hound every time; the experience gained from untangling the puzzled skein of her observation is worth double the effort.

If in her "Observations" Miss Moore has made of the facility to quote a fine art, she has at the same time afforded more new lines capable of the strain of quotation than a score of her contemporaries put together. It may be said of her work that it is cast in the finest tempered steel to stand the corrosion of years. And if her audience must of necessity be limited to those who

demand on the one hand,

The raw material of poetry in all its rawness and

That which is on the other hand genuine,

it is yet difficult to think of a time when "Observations" will not have an audience.

EDWIN SEAVER

Books in Brief

Catullus. Translated by Sir William Marris. With the Latin text. Oxford University Press. \$1.70.

Catullus has been satisfactorily rendered in English only when he has been adapted by a great poet, such as Marvell, and made to sing new songs as well as old. But the present version—by no means complete—is interesting as a successful attempt at any rate to make Catullus clear and crisp. The verse is competent if not inspired, and the language is modern, even colloquial.

The Life of the Archpriest Avvakum. By Himself. Translated from the seventeenth-century Russian by Jane Harrison and Hope Mirrlees, with a preface by Prince D. S. Mirsky. London: The Hogarth Press. 6s.

An excellent and welcome rendering of a Russian masterpiece, one of the most vivid autobiographies on record. A tempest of piety and a whirlwind of event.

Koussevitzky and Stravinsky

By PITTS SANBORN

THAT hue and cry after the music of modern Russia which owes its first impetuous start here to Modest Altschuler and his Russian Symphony Society of years past has culminated this season in the coming hither of two such salient personalities as Serge Koussevitzky and Igor Stravinsky, expatriates both, but both addressing outland audiences as major apostles of the tonal art of their native country. Mr. Koussevitzky, however you may appraise his abilities as a conductor of orchestras, unquestionably has spread the gospel of musical Russia far and wide among the nations, and Mr. Stravinsky, if not the "greatest" composer living, is beyond dispute the best advertised.

The gods were kind to Mr. Koussevitzky. They dowered him as abundantly as if he were to be a bond salesman or a revivalist with personality and magnetism—two qualities important to success—and they were careful to throw in another hardly less serviceable, a discriminating taste in tailors. When as a virtuoso of the bull-fiddle he used to perch beside that cumbersome instrument and saw diligently at its grumbly vitals, he drew to personal thralldom crowding audiences which, but for the performer, would to an absolute certitude have infinitely preferred the cello. Consider how that personality could not but gain in influence when lifted to an upright position upon the elevated dais before a full symphonic orchestra.

But my meaning must not be mistaken. Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor is no gallery-player in the obvious, gesticulatory, vulgar sense. A man of handsome presence and of graceful movement, unembarrassed by the fierce glare of publicity, but seeming not to glory in it immoderately, he comports himself before audience and orchestra with the dignity that becomes a serious artist. It has been said of him that he hypnotizes an audience and sometimes an orchestra. If that be the case, wholly or in part, it is without recourse to the devices of a blatant Svengali-ism. For the waving arms and woven paces proper to an aspiring concert-room magicianship he substitutes a single innate, even if not unconscious, gesture—the all-sufficient spell of the eternally magnetic.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or of any kindred orchestra in this country, must have at the tip of his baton the recognized symphonic classics—Beethoven, Brahms, and all the rest. The most dazzling interpreter of Scriabin and Stravinsky cannot be excused from this dutiful service to the established giants, and implicit in this service are affection and appreciation. I can speak of Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor only from the concerts he has given with the Boston orchestra in New York. Here he has not shone as a leader of nineteenth-century classics. If his Brahms was scarcely calculated to please Brahmins, his manner of turning the romantically beautiful "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert into an overgrown duel between striving elements was inept to the point of the grotesque. Amid the astonishing hubbub he contrived, the famous melody for cellos all but disappeared. The two nineteenth-century compositions that did come in for brilliant treatment under his direction, the "Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," are both apart from the emotional stream of their century's romanticism.

What Mr. Koussevitzky does body forth (and this is said without either tribute or challenge to his musicianship) is the intrinsic sympathy, whose existence becomes daily more apparent, between the music of the eighteenth century and that of the twentieth. The Russian appeared to great advantage as the leader of Scriabin and of Ravel, and he likewise put to his credit a thoroughly appreciative and finely articulated performance of a symphony by Haydn. Curiously, where he disappointed among the moderns was in Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps."

When this work was played by the same orchestra under Pierre Monteux (the original conductor of the "Sacre"), it was impersonal, extra-human, ruthless, an operation of nature that took no accounting of joy or pain that man might have of it. Unswerving, relentless, it went its elemental way. Mr. Koussevitzky caused amazement by dragging the tempo of certain passages; he found leisure to be fussy about the letter of twenty details; he seemed bent on humanizing the non-human, on softening the primordial Russian steppe with the easy moisture of tears; indeed, Mr. Koussevitzky ventured perilously near the border of a sobbing sentimentalism. The listener readily understood why Mr. Stravinsky once protested that this conductor had by an "expressive" reading falsified a certain composition of his in which expression, as commonly understood, had no part.

The "Sacre" was originally announced for Mr. Stravinsky's

own second program with the New York Philharmonic. That it was later withdrawn surprised no one who had sat through the first program. It demands a seasoned conductor, who knows every letter of his trade. Only lately has Mr. Stravinsky taken to the baton, and then, apparently, because audiences crave the sight of a famous composer in the act of conducting his own works. Here he has stood in that capacity before the admirable Philharmonic band while a number of them were performed. Mr. Stravinsky, a short, lean fellow, looking younger than his two and forty years, walks very fast to the conductor's desk and beats time with the sweep of a semaphore and the anxiety of a novice, but he discloses neither the schooling nor the raw magnetism to impress himself on orchestra or audience. Far from discovering unsuspected power or beauty in the compositions that he elected to conduct here, he allowed latent possibilities of dullness to emerge with devastating effect.

Only a year ago his "Chant du Rossignol" seemed a thing of magic. When its inventor had done with it his best, or worst, it retained about as much of glamor as a bit of cast-off frippery. Those engaging compositions, the suites from "The Fire Bird" and "Pétrouchka," did come through the parental ordeal, proving the presence in their fabric of lasting stuff. But in a few short hours of Stravinsky as conductor, the fame of Stravinsky the composer, which at moments had seemed to obscure the very sun, underwent a drastic, and no doubt wholesome, deflation. One man who had listened to all of the first concert was heard to say as he left Carnegie Hall: "Just let him conduct three programs of his own music and Stravinsky will be as dead an issue as Joachim Raff."

Drama

Ibsen Reconsidered

AT the Forty-eighth Street Theater the group known as the Actors Theater is presenting a revival of "The Wild Duck," and it is not only the best production of an Ibsen play which I have ever seen but also one of the finest achievements of the season. The effect is one which sweeps the spectator off his feet and, temporarily at least, paralyzes the analytical faculties with the enthusiasm which it arouses; yet it has its lessons for those who, in recovered tranquillity, can read them, and it invites a revaluation of the author from which he is bound to emerge triumphant. Not only does it reveal the entirely undiminished vitality of this great play; it reveals the source of that vitality by making it evident that however much of an innovator Ibsen may have been, his method was fundamentally the same as that of every great dramatist who ever lived and consisted essentially in an appeal to the emotions by way of the intellect. The meaning of the play has been explained *ad nauseam* in a thousand essays; however strange or new it may once have seemed it is now neither, and no reasonably well-read auditor will receive a single idea not already familiar. Yet the effect is as powerful as ever it was because Ibsen used the thoughts which it contained not as an end but as a means. Familiarity with his theses has, if anything, heightened our appreciation of his art; no longer disturbed and puzzled, we can abandon ourselves to the emotions which the play arouses.

As the plays of Ibsen recede into the past it becomes evident that the revolution which he produced in the drama was a good deal less fundamental than is sometimes assumed. People often speak as though the appeal of the plays produced since the beginning of the era which he inaugurated were different in kind from the appeal of the older drama, and as though the introduction of the so-called problem meant that the drama was from then on to perform a new function. The older drama, so they argue, was primarily an affair of the emotions, it did not necessarily bear any relation to the life of the spectator, and

it did not necessarily possess any intellectual content; whereas the plays which belong to the modern movement are distinguished by the fact that they deal with conceptions and problems having an immediate relation to the life of the community, and, in a word, have as their chief function the stimulation of the intellect rather than the catharsis of the emotions. Upon this theory a good many bad plays have been written, but Ibsen himself never enunciated it; and a little consideration will suffice to show that what he actually did was to renew, not abolish, the practice of that sound dramaturgy which has always been essentially the same.

Every great dramatist has concerned himself with the chief intellectual interest of his time—whether it happened to be, as in the case of Aeschylus, religious interest or, as in the case of Shakespeare, an interest in the manifold varieties of the suddenly expanded sphere of human experience; and he has distinguished himself from didactic writers by making his chief concern not with the solution of problems which these interests revealed but with the emotional experiences which arise from conflict. In no sense did Ibsen change this general practice; what he did do was to perceive very clearly that most drama in the nineteenth century failed to follow it, that the more literary plays were concerned with the interests of some previous age, and that the lighter ones were concerned with no interests at all but only with the manipulation of conventional and unreal situations. He brought into the drama the characteristic interests and the characteristic conflicts of his age, and he made use of social problems simply because it was through them that he could present the emotional conflicts which were most real to his audience. "The Wild Duck" moves us in exactly the same way that "Oedipus" moved the contemporaries of Sophocles; it merely happens that we have a larger emotional concern in the problems of the one than in the problems of the other. Neither playwright wished to settle anything, but each furnished a clear channel through which the emotions aroused by the contemplation of the life of a time might be freely purged.

In the case of a reproduction as nearly perfect as that which "The Wild Duck" is now being given it is a delicate task to assign the acting honors. The first should perhaps be given to Cecil Yapp as old Ekdal and to the young Helen Chandler as Hedvig, although the Gregors Werle of Tom Powers and Gina of Blanche Yurka could hardly be better. The Hjalmar of Warburton Gamble appears at times close to caricature, but the lines of the part can be made to justify, so it seems to me, such an interpretation, and I find his performance also excellent.

The Theater Guild's new offering, "Ariadne" (Garrick Theater), is a comedy by A. A. Milne which will serve to pass away an agreeable evening, though, in spite of the good cast, which includes Laura Hope Crews, not a great deal more can be said of it. Of all the author's plays only "The Truth About Blayds" has sufficient solidity to be important; in the present play as in most of his others his *vis comica* is sufficient to give an agreeably individual flavor to the lines but not sufficient to create a comedy which is either original or forceful when considered as a whole. He is compelled to fall back upon a conventional situation and conventional sentiment for his framework. I can think of no contemporary dramatist who has obtained so great a vogue by the exercise of a talent which, however genuine, is so extremely slender. "The Night Hawk" (Broadhurst Theater) manages to treat two popular subjects at once by telling the story of a prostitute who undergoes a marvelously successful Steinach operation, but it is always obviously machine made. "The Complex," produced for a series of special matinees at the Booth Theater, is, as the title would indicate, a Freudian drama. Most of the action takes place in the office of a neurologist, who performs an analysis upon the stage. Considered as a sort of mental detective story in which a complex plays the part of an illusive criminal it is both ingenious and entertaining.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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Next Week

Special Issue of The Nation

No War With Japan!

International Relations Section

Mussolini Outdoes Himself

THE following manifesto, printed in the *Corriere della Sera* (Milan), January 9, 1925, was issued by all the opposition groups in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. When it was first drawn up its publication was prohibited, but permission was finally granted to read it at an opposition conference of over a hundred deputies at Montecitorio on January 8:

The extreme phase of the conflict between Fascist domination and the country has begun. The mask of constitutionality and "normality" has been thrown off. The Government is trampling on the fundamental laws of the state, suffocating the free voice of the press with a despotism hitherto unheard of, suppressing every right of assemblage, mobilizing the armed forces of its party, persecuting citizens and associations while it tolerates and leaves unpunished acts of devastation and destruction against its opponents which degrade Italy in the eyes of the civilized world.

The whole country bears witness to the fact that the pretext adopted for this repressive policy is a ridiculous lie: no conspiracy is threatening the nation; no attempt has been made against its laws. It is the Government that is defying the constitution today; it is the Fascist oligarchy that is trying to evade the law, appealing to the rights supposedly given it by the revolution.

The Aventine (present opposition movement) is not sedition, nor is it a conspiracy; it is a resolute and unquenchable protest of representatives of the people who came together after the most atrocious crime of the regime; and today, as it did yesterday and will tomorrow, it stands united and firm . . . for the defense of civil liberty.

Millions of electors will rise to confirm the fact that the opposition press is not a refuge for rebellious and irresponsible men, but that it is a weapon for waging war in the open, for which courageous newspapermen have faced in full the harsh responsibilities of the law and the vengeance of those who hold power. And the facts denounced are not seditious misrepresentations, but are taken from definite accusations of supporters of the Government, from documents known to be authentic, and from court readings.

Some of the more zealous upholders of the Government, even the head himself, base their defense on the pretext that the penal code of Italy is not applicable to the present rulers. But the rights of revolution cannot be claimed by a government which has demanded and obtained investiture from a constitutional king, which has sought legal status through a series of parliamentary votes, and which has itself recognized the closing of the period of illegal activities by an amnesty and in the declarations which accompanied it. In vain, then, does the reaction seek pretexts and attempt evasions! The country readily sees and understands that the Government, faced with a moral question, is making a supreme effort to avoid the verdict of public opinion, barring the way to anyone who seeks or wants justice.

In the face of this attempt, what value can there be in the so-called "challenge" of the President of the Cabinet who would appeal—in accordance with Article 47 of the Statute—to the judgment of the surviving majority? What is this majority but his own tool . . . ? When he himself has stood before a full session of this Chamber of Deputies and, to the applause of his followers, taken upon himself the entire political, historic, and moral responsibility of all that has happened, it is no longer a question of making an accusation or of registering a political vote. The only question left, and one which is growing more and more alarming for those involved, is the question of individual legal responsibility. . . .

The association of blackguards which was the instrument of violence and death in the crimes which are being most discussed today had its center close to the Government itself. . . . With disgust and humiliation the country has read the Fascist documents, some of which are prearranged confessions of a deliberate, carefully prepared organization of crimes in the service of the Government and its party; others are appeals from accomplices to accomplices. . . . Those documents have an intrinsic value, as was thoroughly admitted by the Government when, by the suppression of the opposition press, it attempted to interrupt the series.

No cleverness at argument can blot out these confessions from Italian history; no justification can change the fact that these elements, together with official declarations and general suppositions, all constitute evidence of guilt. There is no doubt that the head of the Government himself, if he were a private citizen in a free country, would be called upon to defend himself; and that very little defense will be forthcoming so long as he remains in such a privileged position before the law.

Since the President of the Cabinet challenges his opponents, let it be said again: between being the custodian of the law of a country and being suspected of having strangled it there is an absolute and insuperable incompatibility. This truth is surging up in the moral conscience of the nation and causing serious disturbance in political life. The battle on the moral question is won, and in vain does the Government try to transform it into a battle of physical force. Violence can strike down men and parties, and can muzzle the press, but never will it stifle the aspirations of a civilized people. . . .

No one can turn back the hands of time on two long and tortuous years, in the course of which Fascism has not been able to bring about a stable and human equilibrium either within itself or in Italy; no one can cancel the long and tragic sequence of events that have filled these years, and through which the experience of our people has ripened into a judgment that is without appeal. We cannot go backward; 1925 is not 1922. And when the blow that was to quell the opposition represents, instead, the most forceful confession of responsibility and weakness, it is madness to ask Italy to sacrifice to the dubious needs of Fascism its own urgent and imperative need for peace, life, and a future. . . .

The opposition groups, which today have fulfilled their duty once again, are aware that their task is not yet finished, and are preparing for its completion with a resolute spirit.

GAGGING THE PRESS

Not content with the censorship law published in our issue of September 10, 1924, Mussolini issued in December an even more far-reaching decree. This project was drawn up by Oviglio, his Minister of Justice at the time, and will be submitted to the Italian Chamber some time "in the future." Orlando is already heading the attack against it. Meanwhile it has been applied to practically all of the opposition papers, and has called forth more comment in Italy than anything since the Matteotti murder.

Among its outstanding features is the enumeration of crimes which are subject to severe penalties. This includes the publication of news "which might have an injurious effect on national credit at home and abroad, or cause alarm among the population, or give rise to disturbance of the public peace, or prejudice the diplomatic activities of the Government and its relations abroad." It also includes offenses "against the powers of the state." Since the state itself is amply protected by other laws, this is interpreted as granting government officials immunity from criticism for acts of office.

In commenting upon this enumeration, the *Corriere della Sera* (Milan) says on December 6:

It is true that the definition of these crimes is limited to the publication of news with knowledge that it is false or deliberately altered. But, rarest cases of evident and undeniable proofs excepted, the justice of trial for intentions is always a dangerous justice.

Article 5 has created such strong feeling that Mussolini has declared himself willing to yield to a modification of its terms. It holds the owner of the property where an offending paper is printed jointly responsible for its offenses. Objection to this provision is based on the ground that it will inevitably work out to the advantage of papers having large financial backing, at the expense of small and independent papers which are unable to find press owners willing to take the risk that this involves.

Another feature of the decree which has met with violent opposition is the reintroduction of "preventive confiscation," i.e., confiscation before the paper appears and can legally be proceeded against. This measure was abolished in 1906 by Sonnino, on the ground of its utter injustice.

Among the penalties established for violations of this decree is suspension of the offending paper for three months. Unless the paper reappears under a new name, thus rendering the provision utterly ineffective, this penalty amounts to a death sentence.

The decree further penalizes anyone circulating a paper which has been suppressed; it increases the penalty for the publication of secret legal procedure, and all trials for "defamation" are to be secret, although there is some hope that Mussolini may yield on this point. On all other points, however, he has declared himself firm, and has stated that if the opposition wishes to make an issue of the decree he will accept its challenge.

The following record of confiscations and suppressions has appeared from day to day in the numbers of the *Corriere della Sera* which have reached us:

JANUARY 1. (Seventeen cases.)

Milan: *La Giustizia* (right wing Socialist), *L'Unità* (Unitary Socialist), *L'Avanti* (Socialist), *Il Guerin Meschino*.

Rome: *Il Nuovo Paese*, *Il Sereno*, *Il Piccolo*, *Il Mondo* (Opposition), *Il Popolo* (Opposition), *La Voce Repubblicana* (Opposition), *Il Giornale d'Italia*.

Naples: *Il Giorno*.

Genoa: *Il Cittadino* (Popular), *Il Lavoro* (Unitary Socialist).

Florence: *Il Nuovo Giornale*.

Verona: *L'Adige* (Democrat), *Corriere del Mattino* (Popular).

JANUARY 2. (Twenty-four cases.)

Milan: *L'Italia*, *La Giustizia*, *L'Avanti*, *L'Unità*, *La Cooperazione Italiana* (weekly organ of the National Cooperative League).

Rome: *Il Nuovo Paese*, *La Voce Repubblicana*, *Il Sereno*, *Il Mondo*, *Il Popolo*.

Turin: *La Stampa*, *Il Corriere* (Popular).

Palermo: *Il Giornale di Sicilia*, *L'Ora*.

Biella: *Il Lavoro* (Unitary Socialist).

Genoa: *Il Cittadino*, *Il Lavoro*.

Parma: *La Libera Parola* (World War Veterans).

Naples: *Il Mattino*, *Il Giorno*, *Il Roma*.

Bergamo: *L'Idea Popolare* (Popular).

Treviso: *L'Idea* (Christian Socialist).

Verona: *Gazzetta della Sera*.

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JANUARY 3. (Thirty cases.)

Rome: *Il Nuovo Paese, Il Piccolo, Il Mondo, Il Popolo, La Voce Repubblicana*.
 Milan: *L'Avanti, L'Unità, La Giustizia, Il Caffè*.
 Brescia: *Il Cittadino* (Popular).
 Treviso: *La Riscossa* (Republican).
 Piacenza: *Alfiere* (Constitutional Opposition), *Aquilotti* (Hon. Barbiellini).
 Gorizia: *L'Idea del Popolo* (Catholic).
 Voghera: *Il Vaglio* (Democrat).
 Genoa: *Il Lavoro, Il Cittadino*.
 Messina: *La Sera*.
 Varese: *Luce* (Catholic), *Luce del Verbano* (Catholic), *Vita Popolare* (Popular).
 Monza: *Il Cittadino della Domenica* (Catholic).
 Udine: *Il Friuli* (Popular), *Il Lavoratore Friulano* (Socialist).
 Verona: *L'Adige*.
 Sassari: *La Sardegna Libera* (Sardinia Opposition Committee).
 Cuneo: *Il Subalpino* (Liberal Democrat).
 Ancona: *L'Ordine*.
 Bergamo: *Unione Reduci* (Disabled Veterans).

JANUARY 4. (Four cases.) (Few papers appear on Monday.)

Verona: *Corriere del Mattino*.
 Genoa: *Il Piccolo*.
 Monza: *La Brianza Lavoratrice* (Unitary Socialist).
 Pistoia: *La Bandiera del Popolo* (Popular).

JANUARY 5. (Fifteen cases.)

Milan: *L'Avanti, La Giustizia, L'Unità, Battaglia Sindacali* (Federation of Labor).
 Rome: *Il Mondo, La Voce Repubblicana, Il Popolo*.
 Trieste: *La Provincia* (Democrat).
 Verona: *Verona del Popolo* (Socialist).
 Bergamo: *Il Dovere*.
 Palermo: *L'Ora*.
 Genoa: *Il Lavoro, Il Cittadino*.
 Modena: *La Voce Popolare* (Popular).
 Catania: *Unione* (Maximalist Socialist).

JANUARY 8. (Ten cases.)

Milan: *La Giustizia, L'Avanti, L'Unità, Il Caffè, L'Avanguardia* (Young Communist Federation).
 Ravenna: *L'Italia del Popolo* (Republican).
 Rome: *Il Nuovo Paese, La Voce Repubblicana*.
 Genoa: *Il Lavoro*.
 Naples: *A. B. C.* (Comic).

On January 8 the opposition manifesto was issued. During the remainder of the month confiscation and suppressions have continued, and the Government has used other methods as well. In a period of three weeks the *Corriere della Sera* mentions 3,059 official searches. In 321 cases arms were seized; in 48 cases papers were seized; in 2,690 cases nothing could be found. Homes of large numbers of newspapermen, deputies, ex-deputies, lawyers, professors, engineers, organization heads, and others were ransacked. In many cases pictures of Matteotti and copies of his book were seized by the authorities. In a farmhouse in Alba on January 13 they confiscated a decrepit musket which the ancestors of the farmer had purchased in 1848.

In this same period 171 social and political centers were closed, also 179 "exercizi" meeting-places, 7 inns, 3 cafés, and 2 bars. On January 10 in Bari the Bricklayers' Union of 5,000 members was dissolved. It was the only union there that had refused to join the Fascists. Throughout the provinces of Treviso and Alessandria all locals and branches of "Italia Libera," a World War Veterans' Association, were dissolved, as well as 21 of its branches in other parts of Italy. Other dissolved organizations in-



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The reports are not at all complete; for example, in one locality where the *Corriere* received reports of forty searches a later summary listed 200. The list does not include thousands of cases where people have been held up on the streets and forced to show papers, etc., nor does it include the case of Tarcetta, province of Udine, where practically the whole population got together and sang "The Red Flag," and the authorities searched all the houses "with negative results." Nor does it include steps taken in enforcing the mayor's decree in Asti, which forbids all forms of political meetings. Nor does it cover the enforcement of the decree issued in Venice on January 12, revoking all dance permits in rural districts of the province.

Contributors to This Issue

IDA TREAT spent last summer exploring prehistoric caves in southern France.

KONRAD BERCOVICI is a Rumanian by birth. He is well known as a writer of short stories of Gipsy life.

JOHN A. HOBSON, English economist, has been lecturing at the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS is professor of American history at Yale.

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